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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Good News

The best week of the whole war, for Great Britain and her friends, is the one just ended. It would be easy to exaggerate the importance of the setbacks to Hitler and Mussolini; but in a struggle in which psychology plays such a part, a cumulation of blows like these is certainly of great significance. The Yugoslav revolution, with its defiance of Hitler, has changed the whole Balkan landscape, as we point out elsewhere in this issue. The British victory over the Italian fleet has crippled Mussolini's navy for months if not years, and is a shattering blow to Blackshirt morale. In East Africa, the end of Italy's dream of empire now seems to be only a matter of weeks. This succession of events cannot have failed to have repercussions around the world. It has put heart into the British. It has muffled the voices of defeatists in America who were saying that Hitler is invincible and we mustn't do anything to anger him. It must have given the Japanese "furiously to think." Many in Bulgaria must now regret their hasty and perhaps needless surrender. In so far as Turkey was hesitating, she is strengthened in her determination to stand out. The effect on Stalin, too, may have been an important one. A century hence, historians may look back and say that March, 1941, was one of the turning points in the history of mankind.

Wanted: More Menaces to Our Harbors

The seizure of Axis-owned ships in United States ports was a welcome climax to the week-end of Allied victories. Three hundred thousand tons of shipping, in varying states of seaworthiness, may now be released to Britain, or turned over to the Maritime Board to replace American ships thus freed for transfer to the British. The seizure was accomplished with all the blandness required by law: sabotage, it was said, was likely to render the ships a "menace to the safety of American harbors," thus requiring them to be taken into protective custody. What seems more probable, however, is that since passage of the lease-lend bill, Axis agents have been expecting such a move of seizure and the sabotage attempts followed their discovery that it would be made shortly. But the public will not be interested in pondering which came first, the chicken or the egg. They will know, and will approve, that we have seized the ships because Britain needs merchant tonnage and because we have resolved to do our part in seeing that she gets it.

Drama Note

The international stage has rarely presented a more classic comedy than the grand tour of Foreign Minister Matsuoka of Japan. The theme is an old one: a Pompous Personage sets out to impress his enemies by displaying the strength of his friends and the closeness of his bond with them. But at each critical moment his allies betray him or reveal their weakness.

The play began on a quiet note at Moscow, where the audience, led to expect the announcement of a non-aggression pact, discovered only a stony silence on the subject. Next, at Berlin, our protagonist was received with elaborately prepared ceremony and loud fanfare, only to be pushed backstage by the crowd marveling at

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the slap which Yugoslav patriots administered to Hitler's cheek. But the climax occurred in the third act, when, on the eve of his arrival at Rome to embrace the great Duce, messengers proclaimed that nearly half his proud host's navy had just been sent to the bottom.

Comic as Mr. Matsuoka's plight is as the butt of the playwright's wit, the incidents seem a little too pat for really good dramaturgy. Such things don't happen in real life; the dramatist should have displayed a more subtle invention. It is not necessary to apply the slapstick to one's bogeyman until he leaks straw at every joint like a dilapidated scarecrow.

Oil to Japan

Any consideration of Japan's future actions should include study of our own behavior regarding Japanese aggression. It is the opinion of one of our correspondents this week (page 471) that the United States should immediately go to war with Japan—a view shared by a great many people. But let us first consider whether or not we have done very much to check Japan by non-belligerent methods. The New York Post of March 20 claims we are now supplying Japan with 75 percent of her oil supplies and that even aviation gasoline, supposedly embargoed, is being shipped over in as large quantities as Japan can buy. The reason given is that both Britain and the United States fear an immediate attack upon the Dutch East Indies, if the American source of fuel were to be cut off. It would seem, however, that if such an attack is feasible, which we doubt, Japan would make it now, regardless of our policy on oil shipments. The more probable answer to the whole question seems to be that the American oilmen have the ear of the State Department, and that the bulk of vaguely plausible arguments are merely a shield for financial profits. Oil to Japan has already burned a black mark on the American record of aid to the democracies, and the continued refusal to prevent its shipment will be a major cause of any extension of Japanese aggression.

The Electric Chair for Labor

We extend our condolence to Representatives Cox of Georgia, Smith of Virginia, Sumners of Texas and Ford of California. These gentlemen were bitterly hostile to unions and collective bargaining during earlier phases of the New Deal, but the defense program gave them their real chance. As soon as a few strikes appeared they burst into their full glory as defenders of democracy against labor. Mr. Cox wants to draft all males and send them into the factories under military discipline. Mr. Smith, who has made a record by slander of the NLRB through "investigation," now wants to "investigate" labor in defense. Mr. Sumners talks of the death penalty, while Mr. Ford proposes to send strikers to prison for twenty-five years, or execute them if any fatalities (which are sometimes caused by strike-breakers) occur in connection with a stoppage.

The disappointment of these gentlemen must be profound that the new mediation board settled three of the first four strikes certified to it within forty-eight hours after their submission, and that meanwhile another strike not before it—Bethlehem—was ended by agreement between the parties. They were probably further dejected by the vote of the AFL building-trades unions banning jurisdictional strikes, allowing employers to hire non-union men when members are not available, and urging locals to reduce their initiation fees.

The Knudsen-Knox Blunder

The principal strike remaining in existence—the Allis-Chalmers at Milwaukee—recently supplied a shining example of how not to settle labor trouble. The OPM had made a good beginning by trying to adjust it, and had proposed a formula which was accepted by the union but rejected by the management. No sooner had OPM Commissioner Sidney Hillman departed for a needed rest in Florida than OPM Commissioner Knudsen and Secretary Knox received a call from the employers, and then, without consulting representatives of labor, sent a telegram insisting that the plant reopen at once, for patriotic reasons.

Naturally enough, the workers resented what looked like an effort to break the strike in the interest of the management. When they objected, the two defense officials replied hotly that, according to "handwriting experts" of the Wisconsin labor board, the strike had been illegally called in the first place by stuffing the ballot boxes. If this was true, the workers at least had been obeying the call and the statement was a challenge to them to prove the strike genuine. This they promptly did by voting to continue it. The next thing that happened was that the Milwaukee police drove an armored car into picket lines which were not engaged in serious violence, and fired tear-gas bombs indiscriminately at the men. Results—strike continued, labor embittered, prestige of defense chiefs undermined. If our dollar-a-year men and police authorities want to split the country wide open, this is the way to proceed.

Less Heat Wanted in Congress

It is an odd contrast these days to read The Congressional Record and watch the people's representatives in Congress leaping and shrieking with hatred for their fellow countrymen who earn their living with their hands, and then to read some of the publications of organized labor, which attempt to apply thought to the problems of national welfare. The Economic Outlook, a small paper published by the Economic Division of the CIO, for example, writes quietly on the subject of the WPA Deficiency Appropriation of $375,000,000, the President's figure which was rushed through Congress without a hearing and without debate and which is now being characterized by such as Representatives Cox and Sumners as outrageously high. The Out-

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look points out that unemployment in 1941 will be barely 2,000,000 less than last year, estimating that the total will be about 9,000,000 next December.

A large proportion of plants working on defense orders are now operating at capacity, the peak of the cantonment construction has passed and building-trades workers are returning to unemployment rolls. Priorities will cause lay-offs in non-defense industries. About 3,000,000 agricultural workers were not needed on farms but have not been counted among the unemployed. Many of these are finding work in industry. This will prevent a drop in unemployment figures. The CIO paper concludes, without adjectives, that the number of those needing relief and WPA employment will probably increase during the next few months and notes that the deficiency appropriation will provide for about 300,000 fewer by June. Democracy is a good way of life for all the people of the United States, is it not? Is democracy's welfare better promoted by calling angry names or by trying to think ahead?

The Coal Dilemma

The deadline of March 31 passed without agreement between coal operators and miners in the Appalachian field, and so the feared stoppage technically began, though April 1 is a miners' holiday anyway. We hope the President's telegram will induce prompt agreement, but if it does not, angry commentators should remember that the union offered to continue work until agreement was reached, provided any increases were made retroactive.

The main question is one of wages. Have the miners a right to a wage increase at this time? The coal industry has been prosperous recently and will be more so in the future. Profits in other industries are rising rapidly. There seems no good reason why the workers should not press their claims. Doubtless the operators are waiting for governmental intervention so that, if they are put under pressure to grant an increase, they can then demand higher prices. The administration is resolved to keep down prices of essential materials.

If the wage increase can come out of coal profits, that fact ought to be established by impartial investigation. If it cannot, the question will be whether the miners should be told that they must be deprived of advancement which is general throughout the country in order to prevent immensely profitable industries from having to pay a little more for their coal. The government deprived itself of the ability to command moral support for such an argument when it agreed to fantastically high prices for defense equipment and passed a feeble profits tax.

TNEC Squeaks

Out of mountains of testimony, the TNEC has finally delivered a very timid gray mouse. Some of the recommendations are worth consideration, such as the proposal to permit anyone to use patents by paying a reasonable fee, and the reforms proposed for insurance. There is no great objection to Senator O'Mahoney's pet plan of compulsory federal incorporation, but no great argument for it either, since by recent Supreme Court decisions the federal government has been given about all the power it may want to exercise over corporations doing an interstate business.

Efforts to enforce competition have their place, but somehow we can't throw our hats in the air over the varied proposals to establish the Federal Trade Commission as a policeman for this purpose. The decision of the committee majority against government spending is a measure of its inability to grapple with the larger problems it uncovered. No wonder Messrs. Lubin of the Department of Labor and Henderson of the Federal Securities Commission failed to sign the report because it did not go far enough.

St. Lawrence Power

Aside from its many other virtues, the St. Lawrence Seaway will benefit one of the great backward areas in respect to power in the United States—New York State. Despite the high concentration of users, this state's electric-light rates are above the national average, and in some localities they are scandalously above. The user of 1,500 kilowatt hours a month of commercial power in New York pays the highest rates in the land. On a 60,000-kilowatt-hour basis, industrial power is more expensive in New York than in any other state save Florida, Michigan, Illinois and five of the thinly populated ones. Because of Republican strength in the legislature, Governors Smith, Roosevelt and Lehman were never able to tame the more avaricious of New York's utilities. These keep rates high by keeping power scarce. Between 1927 and 1937 the state increased its hydroelectric capacity only 12.4 percent. The national increase was 54.7 percent.

What does such a condition do to industry? As the Department of Commerce demonstrates in Part VI of its seaway-survey report, it drives it away. This study of the economic effects of the St. Lawrence power project shows that during development of Niagara hydro capacity, the Buffalo area expanded at a rapid rate. In 1924 all the cheap power had been contracted for and the electro-process industries began going elsewhere. Lately they have flocked to Tennessee Valley and Pacific Northwest power sites. In the decade ending in 1937, New York State failed by one-sixth to retain its share of national manufacturing. Between 1919 and 1937, factory employment fell from 1,228,000 to 996,000.

Development of the St. Lawrence will give the United States 1,100,000 horsepower of additional low-cost generating capacity. Another 787,500 horsepower will be available upon redevelopment of the Niagara River. The study indicates that this power will be

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readily absorbed in industries, which will increase employment by 50,000. Industrial rates will be reduced by at least 25 percent, and residential consumers in an area containing 10 percent of the population will receive rate reductions estimated at 64 percent. Remember these facts when you read the bitter protests against the St. Lawrence Seaway by the utilities and the newspapers which guard their interests.

Another Radio War

The International Allied Printing Trades Associations have entered the fight to limit the amount of advertising carried by radio—and hence, of course, to increase the amount carried by publications. They propose that the amount of permissible commercial time on the radio be cut by legislative enactment from the present 40 percent to 25 percent; and they would eat into broadcasting profits with a heavy tax. They claim that 25,000 workers in the printing trades have already lost their jobs because of the switching of advertising from the printed page to the air, an estimate which may represent an over-simplification. In the background of the situation is the growth of frequency modulation, which would make possible an increase in the number of broadcasting stations from about one thousand to perhaps eight thousand; and back of that is the question of department-store advertising. Newspapers have no God-given right to it, but we are delighted that the selfish interest of the printers has raised the question of the inordinate amount of time now allotted to sales talks on the radio. There is one selfish interest that is paramount in the matter and that is the interest of the entire country and the men, women and children residing therein.

Legal Mind at Work

Some of our best friends are lawyers. We value the profession highly and are at any time ready to try to understand it better. We have often wondered precisely how some of its members—not those whom we know, of course—value themselves. The valuation is frequently among the really awe-inspiring manifestations of the priesthood. The veil was lifted in Boston the other day, when thirty-nine lawyers presented a bill for $2,231,573 for work they had done in the reorganization of the New Haven Railroad, and an ICC examiner asked them to explain. John Hall, of the firm of Choate, Hall and Stewart, explained it, according to the report in The Boston Daily Globe, with that plainness which is the mark of greatness. A partner in a law firm of Choate, Hall and Stewart proceeds on the assumption that his time is worth $22.50 an hour. If he wins his case, he is entitled to more than that; but in any event, $22.50 an hour is the normal valuation of the legal mind at work. If our arithmetic is correct, that would come out at $180 a day (eight-hour day), $900 a week (five-day week), $46,800 a year (no vacation; trips to the water cooler irrelevant). On advice of counsel we refrain from comment.

California Child Labor

An American child has a right to schooling. Are California farm children Americans if their parents work on industrialized farms which bear seasonal crops? The California legislature has been asked to vote that they are not. The California Department of Labor has been making an effort to give all California children some schooling, by granting the work permits required by law only to children twelve years of age or older for work on Saturdays and during vacation periods; to children fourteen or older for work before and after school hours, and to children fifteen or older for work during school hours. A bill now before the legislature provides that work permits shall not be required for children of "itinerant, migratory or seasonal" agricultural workers who accompany their parents. It would send five, six and seven-year-olds back to the days of ten, twelve or fourteen hours of labor, from which the State Department of Labor rescued California children only about two years ago.

Britain Needs Doctors

Now that the lease-lend law is in operation, one category that we should lend or lease to Great Britain is doctors, nurses, surgical and other medical equipment, and drugs. There are shortages of all four in the British Isles. Surgical equipment is scarce both because of heavy demand and because of limitation on manufacture. Medical service is under a strain partly through the military campaigns in North Africa and the Near East and partly because of the situation in England. A doctor is in attendance at every bomb shelter which holds one hundred persons or more—and there are many such. Efficient work by British medical authorities has prevented the epidemics which were feared at the beginning of the winter; on the whole, health has been good and morale has been excellent. (Perhaps too much has been said in America about good morale, however; some people over here are beginning to assume that the British are superhuman and impervious to strain.) Yet the shortages are real and are crippling. Surgeon General Parran recently visited England on a mission for President Roosevelt. We hope his report of needed American medical aid will be promptly and generously followed up.

News Notes of a Week

Senator La Follette submitted the report of the Senate subcommittee on Education and Labor which scored the refusal of Bethlehem, Republic, Inland and Youngstown steel companies to obey the law and bargain collectively with their workers. The report pointed out that those companies were responsible for the disorders of 1937 and that their conduct endangers

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the national security. . . . After the armored car, with police inside shooting gas shells at workers, had done its work at the Allis-Chalmers plant, one deputy, the union said, turned in his badge, saying, "I don't want to be responsible for any more of this stuff." . . . Danish seamen were delighted to have their ships seized by the United States. There was no dirt in the forecastles and no monkey wrenches in the machinery on those neat little freighters. . . . The Presidential Special went past a park of 75-mm. field guns in North Carolina that had just been reconditioned. For Greece, said FDR. . . . Senator Tobey and Representative Sauthoff introduced a joint resolution forbidding convoys by United States naval vessels. . . . Attorney General Jackson added what may be a footnote or may be a new chapter in the tattered volume entitled "International Law" when he said that governments which go to war in violation of their treaty obligations provide another country with "ample and practically unlimited basis for discriminatory action."

Ray Brock, New York Times correspondent at Belgrade, phoned his paper a story of the Yugoslavian overturn that had everyone cheering, newspapermen especially. . . . Another Times man, Lansing Warren, got into the French concentration camp for aliens at Argeles-sur-Mer. He found it horrible and gave the details. The New York Times certainly has some good reporters on the job over there. . . . The leases for the United States bases at Newfoundland, Bermuda and in the West Indies have been signed, sealed and delivered.

Yugoslavia at Marathon

THE REVOLT of the Yugoslavs, regardless of its results, sent a fresh wind blowing about the world. The mere fact that this small and dauntless people proclaimed by an unmistakable deed that they would rather face death than open even a small breach in their defenses against Nazi tyranny made free men everywhere breathe more deeply and gave a lift to courage and hope.

In addition, this gesture proves once again what a great practical difference there is between daring and surrender even in a remote corner of the world. The chances of the democracies are immensely increased—so much, indeed, that the *coup d'état* of the Serbs may become recognized as the turning point in the war. It could not, to be sure, have embodied this possibility unless the Greeks had first defended their own liberty so magnificently against the Fascists, and if Britain, sorely menaced at home, had not dared and decisively won against Mussolini's legions in Africa. But Yugoslavia was faced, not by the Italians, but by Hitler's great machine of war, and all the victories in the world against the weaker partner in the Axis would have been unavailing without a successful stand against the Germans themselves.

In order to understand the possible effect of this overturn it is necessary to see how it changes the strategic situation. The German army had solidly based itself in Bulgaria, preparatory to a thrust south against the Greeks and Salonika, possibly to be followed by an advance against the Turks. Such a campaign would have presented Britain with the alternative either of losing her foothold in Southern Europe and allowing the Germans to establish themselves for further progress eastward and southward, or of weakening her defenses in the Atlantic in order to bring sufficient aid to the Greeks. In addition this attack would have drawn Greek strength from the effort of inflicting crushing defeat on the Italians in Albania.

The Allies would like nothing better than a second active front against Hitler in Southern Europe when the time is ripe, but they could hardly, under the circumstances, have believed the time ripe before the Battle of Britain had been won and American munitions production had approached its peak. It is true that the Greeks, with substantial British aid, had decided to fight if necessary, but probably their best hope was that they could muster enough strength so that Hitler would stay his hand.

German strategy, in turn, was the familiar one of bringing nation after nation into line by every conceivable pressure, without fighting, until further resistance by the remaining opponents was hopeless. The German army would hardly wish to move through Bulgaria against Greece as long as potential enemies were on its flanks. It was taking a chance with Turkey, but probably expected that Turkey would not move unless she herself were attacked. Yugoslavia, however, had to be won over for a double reason. First, the best approach to Greece was through Yugoslav territory, down the Vardar Valley, and second, a hostile Yugoslavia would leave the German Bulgarian army in a dangerously exposed salient. The pact finally signed did not open the Vardar Valley to troops, but only, according to rumor, to trains of munitions and wounded. But who can doubt that Hitler would have tried to build on this first success to obtain later whatever he wanted?

After the signing of the pact, the German army was doubtless poised to descend on Greece. But the sudden change in the political landscape presented Hitler with a worse dilemma than if he had never had any success in Belgrade in the first place. On the one hand, to allow such defiance to go unpunished would be fatal for his prestige. Who could tell what the Serbs, the Turks or even the Bulgars themselves might do if he became heavily engaged against Greece without first settling with Yugoslavia? On the other hand, a brave army of a million men has suddenly in effect joined his enemies at a most inconvenient place. If he does not

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fight both nations at the same time, but concentrates on the Yugoslavs, the British and the Greeks will be left alone to finish off Mussolini in Albania, or possibly to take the offensive against him in Thrace.

No one can predict with certainty what the outcome may be. Caution would seem to counsel further delay on the part of the Germans. Their troops are deployed for an attack on Greece, and time would probably be required if they are to prepare to strike westward. Hitler may hope to weaken the resolution of the Belgrade government by playing on the disaffection of the Croats and building up another war of nerves against the Serbs. If he pursues this course, it will amount to a strategic retreat, giving his enemies time to deliver the *coup de grâce* in Albania and further strengthen their armies—including probably the Yugoslavs themselves. If Hitler should fail again in his political penetration and then have to fight, he would have lost much of his recent advantage.

If he does not delay, but tries to redeem his political defeat by crushing the Yugoslavs on the field, he will be taking the kind of military chance for which the German General Staff is scarcely prepared. He might, after several weeks of costly warfare, overrun Yugoslavia, but if so, the effectives of his enemy's army could retreat southward as in the last war and heavily augment the forces in Greece. This terrain is not adapted to blitzkrieg technique. The Balkan front which German strategy has tried to avoid would have become a fact, and though the Allies probably would not have chosen to have it break into activity so soon, they would gladly accept the challenge and make the most of it. They will be far better equipped to do so now than they would have been if the Yugoslavs had been tricked into accepting the totalitarian yoke.

The Maritime Labor Board

UNLESS Congress acts soon, the Maritime Labor Board will pass out of existence. It is a great tribute to the board that at a time when fear of labor has reached hysterical proportions in and outside of Congress, the waterfront should be so quiet that it forms an island of legislative neglect. But the board is needed. When it was set up in 1938 this same waterfront had the makings of a beautiful holocaust. There were sitdown strikes, quickie strikes and slowdowns, lockouts and clubbings. The courts found American seamen guilty of mutiny. Most alarming of all, a savage internecine war threatened on three seaboards. On the East and Gulf Coasts Joe Curran's CIO seamen were battling Joe Ryan's AFL longshoremen. On the West Coast the situation was reversed, with the CIO longshoremen under Harry Bridges hating and fearing Harry Lundeberg's AFL sailors. To complicate matters still more, there were AFL longshoremen's locals on the Pacific and CIO longshoremen on the Gulf; AFL sailors strove their utmost to get a foothold on the Atlantic and CIO unions went to sea on the Pacific.

To meet the situation, Congress created the Maritime Labor Board over the opposition of everyone concerned, including the Department of Labor. To man it, the President appointed Robert W. Bruere, Louis Bloch and Claude E. Seehorn, a group whose experience in labor relations and arbitration has included problems of the waterfront. The board has handled 153 cases, and more than 4,000 employer-employee agreements have been filed with it. In many of these contracts the board is named as mediator, and a still larger number specify that the board shall appoint the arbitrator when one is needed. The board was instrumental in negotiating the two-year West Coast agreement between longshoremen and employers. On numerous occasions it has solved mean tangles with amazing dispatch. In the recent jurisdictional tie-up in San Pedro harbor, for instance, the board mediator found a basis for releasing seven mail ships in thirty minutes, and twelve hours later thirteen remaining ships had been sprung and an arbitration board set up to handle similar disputes in the future. The board has not pleased everyone every time, and has not abolished strikes, but it has won confidence and respect on all sides. It has shown that in an area where violence was common, voluntary arbitration, intelligently applied, can greatly reduce the frequency of strikes and can create good feeling.

The lesson it teaches is of greatest importance. Could any of the thirty-five or more restrictive, hate-inspired labor bills lately introduced in Congress possibly bring the results the Maritime Labor Board has achieved? The worst of them would, in shipping, be so disruptive that only Hitler could be pleased. Representative Bland, chairman of the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, recently introduced a bill extending the life of the board to June, 1943. This should be passed at once.

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Labor in a National Emergency

THE CURRENT AGITATION for legislation to meet the "extraordinary" strike situation in the United States, ranging from the labor draft to proposals for a "cooling off" period, had its parallel in the First World War. Then, as now, labor was placed on the defensive. Even before the declaration of war, under the cover of the emergency, efforts were made to break down the beneficial standards won by labor through long years of bitter struggle. The present clamor for redoubled production, the labeling of strikers as unpatriotic to the point of being traitors, had its counterpart in 1917.

There are, of course, differences as well as parallels between the situation in 1917 and that in 1941. In 1917 unemployment was at a low ebb; labor in general was not organized, and in the industrial field, if we exclude the IWW, it was hardly organized at all. The eight-hour day was a pious wish, and hostility to collective bargaining was widespread. Today, not the eight but the six and seven-hour day has been established; collective bargaining is recognized by law and reëmployment has produced a mild prosperity for many workers.

Perhaps the fundamental difference between labor's stake in World War I and World War II is that what it formerly stood to gain by our participation it now stands to lose—organizational strength and legal safeguards for its protection. The trade-union movement is far stronger today than in 1917; it has now, by law, what only wartime exigencies gave it before.

Chief of these is its right to strike. Proposed state and national legislation looking toward compulsory arbitration, statements by Defense Commissioner Knudsen and the President, conspicuously played up by the press, indicating a reversal of attitude from their previous positions—these are possible bell-wethers for a jittery public opinion.

Professor John R. Commons wrote in 1917 for George Creel's Committee on Public Information: "This is an American workingmen's war, conducted for American workingmen, by American workingmen. Never before has democracy for wage-earners made so great progress as it has in the six months that we have been at war. If this continues, American labor will come out of this war with the universal eight-hour day, and with as much power to fix its own wages by its own representatives as employers have."

Professor Commons was partly right. "Democracy for wage earners" gained enormously during the first six months of the war. In many industries the eight-hour day was established under wartime exigencies. Collective bargaining was made effective in many more. From 1916 to 1920 union membership nearly doubled by reason of its strategic position in an industrial economy suddenly transferred to a war footing. Needless to say, this was not the intention of industry, but chiefly a concession by the government as a means of keeping labor loyal. The National War Labor Board "guaranteed" collective bargaining, and in return labor was not to strike for the duration of the war. But the Board had no real authority to enforce its pronouncements. The shop committees set up to bargain collectively frequently became company-union devices to forestall genuine unionization. Many employers went so far as to discharge members of shop committees as soon as they had been elected to office. Labor in turn called more strikes than at any other period in our history and in such strategically important spots as lumber camps, munition plants, shipyards, coal and copper mines. Between 1917 and 1919, 4,476 strikes were called, involving 2,467,243 men. The semi-protective mantle that the government's War Labor Board had thrown over the unions, plus the necessity for industry to settle strikes on terms that, in normal times, it would not have considered, resulted in an increase of 1,063,800 members for all trade unions in this same period. By 1920, this figure had risen to 1,986,400.

Not only did union membership increase, despite the opposition of industry in general, but wages soared—along with the cost of living. Part of the general wage increase was only an apparent victory, for real wages in many cases went down. Nevertheless, in many industries real wages rose. Where wages rose in line with the cost of living, labor on the whole remained "loyal." Where wages failed to rise, labor was skeptical of its duty to the President's war program. There is good reason to believe that part of the Creel Committee's missionary work in the labor field was designed to instil loyalty where an inadequate wage had failed.

Labor's increased strength was reflected in its unprecedented representation on various war committees. Union officials rubbed shoulders with dollar-a-year volunteers and government experts. While labor representation was incomplete and far from democratic, it nevertheless carried the backing of the rank and file, who had the power to enforce their leaders' demands, if necessary, by striking. Strikes in important defense industries resulted from the failure at first to work out a plan for adequate labor representation. But even with these uncertainties there were many substantial rewards; the rank and file gained a new self-confidence; discrimination against workers because of union affiliation was outlawed; hours of labor were shortened; union membership mushroomed. At no time was there compulsory arbitration or anti-strike legislation.

When the post-war depression hit employment, and

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employers dropped their pretense of standing by the decisions of the War Labor Board, the unions found themselves in retreat. Roger Babson, writing just three years after Dr. Commons had declared the war an "American workingmen's war," reported: "There is no doubt about it—labor is beaten. The employing class is immensely more powerful than it was in 1914. . . . There is more money at its command. Eighteen thousand new millionaires are the war's legacy." . . . The 18,000 new millionaires were stronger than 2,000,000 new trade unionists! By 1923 union membership had declined to its pre-war level. The IWW movement was broken, and the unionization of the basic industries—the steel mills and the coal mines—was crippled for years. The open-shop drive triumphed. "So long, and to the extent that I can speak for the government of the United States," Attorney General Daugherty said in this period, "I will use the power of the government within my control to prevent the labor unions from destroying the open shop."

The development, during the war, of restrictive legislation to meet "emergency" conditions was followed after the Armistice by more intensive legislation along the same lines, this time without allowing recourse to any War Labor Board or its equivalent. Anti-picketing and anti-strike injunctions, issued by both state and federal courts, became one of industry's most dependable weapons. During the coal strike of November, 1919, the courts forbade the strike in advance, and enjoined officers of the United Mine Workers "and all other persons whomsoever" from giving any message regarding the strike, from "doing any further act whatsoever" and from "issuing any further strike orders" or from paying strike benefits. In a Senate investigation of the strike, Judge Gary testified that "it was all right for labor to organize, but workers should not affiliate themselves with the AFL or any other organization that tends to unionize industry universally." And William H. Coolidge of the Island Creek Coal Company was frank enough to say, "We keep out organizers of the United Mine Workers for exactly the same reason that those whose pictures are in the Rogues' Gallery are kept out of lower New York."

With the war over, employers diverted their energies to the home front. The industrial boom stimulated by the war collapsed. By August, 1921, the Secretary of Labor estimated that the unemployed numbered 5,735,000. Union membership had dropped from a peak of 5,000,000 in 1920 to 3,600,000 in 1923. Labor was beaten. The open-shop drive, capitalizing on the Red scare, hobbled the labor movement for a dozen years.

Toward the more radical labor movements, such as the IWW and Labor's Non-Partisan League, the government adopted a policy of ruthless extermination. The Wobblies opposed the war on ideological grounds. Although in 1917 they numbered not more than 120,000, their influence in certain key industries, such as lumber and mining, was great. Strikes in the lumber regions of Idaho, Washington and Montana in the early spring of 1917 started a series of persecutions that continued throughout the war. As with strikes called by the more conservative workers in the AFL, the demands were for the eight-hour day and improved working conditions. But the Wobblies were prosecuted under the Espionage Act for obstructing war work and lending "aid and comfort to the enemy," and at no time did they come within the benevolent protection of the National War Labor Board. The government, in fact, using in many cases armed troops, carried on an incredible campaign of hatred against them, resulting in the enactment of criminal-syndicalism laws in many states. The IWW was broken for all time.

The invasion of the workers' civil rights during this period is a black page for democracy. In Sacramento, one indictment returned against forty-six members of the IWW charged the defendants with participating in strikes and with violation of the Espionage Act. Five prisoners died in jail awaiting trial, two contracted tuberculosis, and one became insane as a result of the third degree to which he was subjected. A series of letters was forged by agents of the Department of Justice to incriminate one of the defendants, and The Sacramento Bee openly demanded that they be lynched, "the sooner the better." The trial did not begin until a year after the first man had been arrested. Two of the defendants, turning state's evidence, admitted that they had been in the pay of the Department of Justice. Twenty-four of the defendants were sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary, three to five years, and the others received shorter terms. Their sentences were upheld by the Circuit Court of Appeals. The United States Supreme Court declined to review the case.

In Chicago, ninety-three Wobblies, after being imprisoned for eleven months, were sentenced to terms ranging from one to twenty years. In Eldorado, Kansas, a general round-up of the IWW netted more than forty men. Thirty-two were arrested, held in a garage overnight, chained to posts and denied a continuance on the ground that they had no counsel, at the instance of the United States District Attorney, who stated that "those characters are not entitled to an attorney." Bail was set at from $7,500 to $10,000 each. The arrests took place in November, 1917, but the trial was not held until two years later, during which time two of the defendants became insane, one died of improperly treated influenza and three contracted fatal tuberculosis. On appeal in May, 1921, twenty of the twenty-six men were freed. By the end of the war, more than one thousand members of the IWW were in jail and two hundred were out on bail pending trial or appeal. In all but a few of these cases no overt act was proved; the only crimes were expressions of opinion by word or in print.

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Any consideration of labor's part in today's drama must find answers to these questions: Are strikes in defense industries seriously threatening production of essential commodities? Is compulsory arbitration, or the outlawing of strikes, a solution to the problem? Can labor preserve its gains under a war economy, with the inevitable wartime intolerance?

Despite the impression you get from your daily newspaper, defense production at present is not being threatened by labor. We have not had a wave of strikes, but a wave of news about strikes. The number of strikes today as compared with the number during the First World War is infinitesimal. There were nearly twice as many strikes during the war period of 1917 as in 1940, when more than twice as many workers were involved, and the United States was not at war. According to the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, there were 6,500,000 man-days lost by strikes in 1940, as compared to 17,812,219 in 1939; 9,148,273 in 1938 and 28,424,857 in 1937—a year of comparative prosperity.

There is every reason to believe that present labor safeguards under the Wagner act and the Norris-LaGuardia anti-injunction act, if rigorously enforced, will diminish the number of strikes in wartime as they have in peace. A period of widespread wartime strikes need not be repeated if Congress ignores the proposals to "suspend" labor laws as a peacetime luxury. For labor as a whole supports the President's program for all-out aid to Britain and the defeat of totalitarianism. To restrict the right to strike under the guise of compulsory arbitration, or to hamper it by "cooling off" periods, which are more likely to be "warming up" periods, is to hamstring the Wagner act. To suspend this act today is to invite a return to the labor anarchy of the First World War.

Can labor preserve its gains under a wartime economy? The answer rests upon labor's own strength and the degree of public understanding under the influence of a biased press. The future for labor is treacherous. The lesson of 1917-23 must not be lost. It was a costly lesson and labor should know it. LUCILLE B. MILNER

The Bogey of Excess Capacity

THE MOST POTENT FEARS that now interfere with wholehearted prosecution of defense are (1) the fear of excess capacity when demobilization comes—with all that it implies about capital losses and unemployment—and (2) the fear of war inflation, to be followed, as inflation almost always is, by deflation and depression.

Let us outline briefly in this article the excess-capacity problem, leaving for future discussion that of inflation and deflation.

We are now tremendously expanding our production of the goods needed specifically for war—planes, ships, tanks, guns, powder, army cantonments, naval and air bases and hundreds of similar things. If peace comes—real peace in which the fear of aggressors is allayed—and is followed by even partial disarmament and demobilization, the demand for these industrial products may fall off as rapidly as it grew. What will then happen to the plants, the capital and credit tied up in them, and the people who have been mobilized to operate them? The picture is not a pleasant one, especially if we remember that at the same time millions of soldiers and sailors may be returning to civil life to look for jobs.

The first comment is that we can give ourselves time to solve the problem—indeed, we shall be compelled to give ourselves time—by delayed and slow demobilization. If the Axis wins or if the war ends in a draw—which can only be a truce—we shall not be able to demobilize at all. If the Allies win, there will be a long period, perhaps of five or ten years, in which it will be necessary to retain large armaments as a police force until the world can return to sanity and balance.

Nobody who is thinking seriously about the future peace supposes that this time there will be a sudden settlement, in which all details will be decided by a single conference, after which the soldiers will quickly be sent home. Institutions in the war regions have been so thoroughly upset that there must be a long period of reconstruction, in which Britain and America will have to assume leadership in the interest of a new Europe and a new Asia. The primary essential of any durable peace is that no aggressor be able to challenge their power while the damage is being repaired and the new institutions are being set up. That will take time. The universal plea of the conquered nations is that Britain and America assume the responsibility of saving them from the slightest danger of any more power politics of the totalitarian sort.

If we assume, however, that at the end of the war we keep military and naval establishments for a time at the then existing levels, there will still be a problem arising from the cessation of expansion. Merely to stop their growth would mean cutting defense expenditures approximately in half. If this should occur in 1942, it would mean a drop in demand from the government, amounting to not less than $5,000,000,000 or $6,000,000,000 a year. What could be done about that?

In discussing this question it is important to understand that our present industrial expansion is not limited to those facilities which make special war materials. Indeed, the production directly designed for military

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needs makes up only a minor part of it. Through February 19, 1941, the government had issued certificates of necessity for plant expansion amounting to $260,638,091. This total includes about $206,000,000 for plants which could be turned to peacetime use without any appreciable remodeling or retooling—such industries as iron and steel, non-ferrous metals, electrical and other machinery, railroads and power. And the total excludes certificates granted in other industries useful in peace such as shipping, motorized vehicles and textiles. There is, moreover, a large amount of expansion in civilian industries which do not require government aid or certificates at all. Finding out what to do with munitions plants proper after the demand for their product ceases is only a tiny part of the total problem, and it would be a mere fleabite if we found a way of using for civilian consumption the plant capacity that could turn almost immediately to the satisfaction of civilian demands.

In the meantime we can keep the problem to smaller proportions by better management of the defense expansion itself. The more efficiently and fully we utilize the productive plants the nation has, the fewer new plants it will be necessary to build—and, incidentally, the quicker we can get the things we need. New capacity is necessary in any case, but it is foolish to construct new plants to do jobs that can be performed in those already existing. Yet that is just what the defense administration has been encouraging by the placing of enormous orders with a few large, well established concerns. Up to January 31, 1941, 70 percent of all defense contracts had been placed in the Northeast, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle. Of the twenty subareas where this 70 percent has been awarded, seventeen are in zones vulnerable to attack. Even within these zones, the big companies are slow to farm out subcontracts to small establishments. In addition, much existing capacity is wasted by the failure to organize industries as single units for production. All this results in unnecessary new building and in the uprooting and undue geographical concentration of labor. Correction of these tendencies would do much to relieve the pressures both of mobilization and demobilization.

The main problem, however, remains that of finding a substitute for the $5,000,000,000 or more which the government will be pouring into the economic system for defense expansion and which may be cut off when active war ceases. If civilian demand of some sort, or of many sorts, can fill this gap, the problem will be solved.

Abstractly, the problem is far from insoluble. Potential civilian demand both abroad and at home is immensely greater than existing industrial capacity has ever been able to supply. It is a commonplace that the great majority of our population has a seriously inadequate standard of life, and could, with sufficient purchasing power, absorb an immensely larger industrial product. It is also a commonplace that this country has the highest standard of life in the world, and that if Latin America and Asia were to be industrialized and the workers' purchasing power there increased, a still greater demand for manufactured products would be created. There is no lack of uses for the largest capacity we can build, provided the economic and political difficulties in the way of using it can be removed. Here is the realm that must be investigated to find a creative solution.

There are a number of suggestions already visualized, which may be briefly summarized:

1. The government can go on spending to create expansion—not of instruments of destruction but of useful products like housing, roads, conservation and other public works. A large number of such projects must now be deferred on account of defense requirements, and an impressive list of them, ready to be undertaken at a moment's notice, has already been prepared by the National Resources Planning Board.

2. A long-term plan of reconstruction abroad and of industrialization of backward regions throughout the world, financed by loans at low interest under governmental controls, can both contribute to future peace by raising standards of living and providing economic security in other continents, and supply a large and growing demand for the products of our capital-goods industries—the very ones most stimulated by defense.

3. There is no foreseeable limit to the amount of goods and services that can be sold, provided the prices of these goods are low enough in relation to consumers' incomes. If, while capacity is being increased, monopoly power to restrict output or maintain prices can be curbed by anti-trust action or otherwise, we need have less fear of the plenty that we shall be able to produce.

4. Many of the workers who must be laid off will have, for the first time in our history, the benefit of unemployment insurance based on previous steady work and good wages, to tide them over while readjustment is in progress.

5. Taxes will be greatly increased to help finance defense expenditure. When that expenditure is reduced, taxes may be lowered. If this reduction occurs largely in taxes on consumption and in the lower income brackets, popular purchasing power will be augmented by a like amount. Of course a large part of the defense burden will be financed by bonds. But many of the bonds will be bought, out of war earnings, by those of moderate income, and will be a source of purchasing power to them when the emergency is over.

6. Finally, economists are agreed that with proper policies it is easier to keep prosperity from turning into severe depression than to turn deep depression into prosperity. This is so with the important proviso that the prosperity is genuine, rather than a speculative inflation. Can we avoid that? This question will be the subject of the next article.

GEORGE SOULE

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Opinions of Oliver Allston

IV. *A Writer's Irritations*

I HAVE SAID that Allston often dwelt on the value of being bored, but he also enjoyed his irritations. In fact, he seems to have felt that the state of irritation was altogether wholesome for a writer. Thus he quoted Renan, "Well-being produces only inertia. Discomfort is the principle of movement." He continued, apropos of George Gissing:

> Gissing was one of the writers who thrive on their irritations. "Every man," he says somewhere, "has his intellectual desire; mine is to escape life as I know it, and dream myself back into that old world which was the imaginative delight of my boyhood." It was this world, the Mediterranean world of the past, that gave him a scale by which to measure the scenes that surrounded him in London; and in the last years of his life he set out to seek the traces of it in the Magna Græcia of which he wrote in "By the Ionian Sea." What was it then that kept him for so many years confined in his City of Dreadful Night?—for he felt about London much as James Thomson felt. Not poverty alone. He hated London, with all the instincts of the born recluse. He was offended by crowds, he shrank from casual encounters, he disliked the "tongue of Whitechapel" and the "blaring lust of city life." "Every day," he said, "gives me a deeper loathing of city life. If I cannot escape from it to die amid green fields, my end will be wretched indeed." Yet virtually his whole life was passed in cities; even when he came to America, he made no effort to seek the countryside—he spent all his time in Chicago and Boston—and, of his twenty-two novels, twenty-one deal, at least largely, with London. Thus we can see that his instinct of artistic self-preservation was constantly at war with all his normal tastes.
>
> Is it not a fact that novelists usually thrive best on their irritations? Hawthorne throve in the dust and wind of Salem. Flaubert, Stendhal, Sinclair Lewis, Dreiser are other cases in point. And do not Henry James's early novels show that this was also true for him? As long as he dealt with Americans, who irritated him all the time, everything went well with James. England was too pleasant for him, and hence so much of his later fatuity. Perhaps the less we satisfy our tastes, the more they serve to give us a scale and a measure.

This may explain why Allston, unlike Gissing, chose to live in the country. "Thinking over my Boston visit," he writes, "I do not complain of my village. Everything that irritates me here stabs me into life. The half-formed thoughts I meet stir me to complete them. The half-formed demands stir me to respond to them. Here one feels one has a part to play. In Boston one feels superfluous; this is restful, but, if I stayed there too much, I should die of too much rest. I should be killed with kindness. Boston is as soothing to me as London was for Henry James, and this soothing is very bad for a thinking man. I like a few nails in my bed."

Later he repeats:

> What I like about my village. Plenty of good solitude, and plenty of the kind of interruptions that do not soothe the social man but challenge all his prepossessions.
>
> In New York, I should die of stimulus.
>
> In Boston, I should be soothed to death.
>
> Yes, I know what would happen. I should go the way of all the gadflies—like our well known Z——, the satirist, when, in the simplicity of his heart, he took to playing billiards every evening with his jolly neighbors on Long Island. The sting of his talent atrophied. How could he find fault with all those good fellows? He ceased to be able to find fault with all the abuses they stood for.

That he often visited Boston, I gather from other entries. He seems to have found it pleasant, perhaps too pleasant, for he says: "I feel about Boston as Lessing felt about Brunswick—'It is not that I do not like Brunswick, but because nothing good comes of being long in a place one likes.'" Elsewhere he quotes Emerson, "The things of a man for which we visit him were done in the dark and the cold."

He may have had Boston in mind in saying, "People who are too good and cultivated lull one insensibly into a kind of fatuity. One gets into a fools' paradise. Except in very small doses, 'good society' is not good for writers. This is because they need to be misunderstood, they require something harsh in the atmosphere about them." He develops this point in a later passage:

> Children and writers feel the need of grit and sand, of something harsh in the moral atmosphere, that causes them to define themselves and their aims, as one needs salt in one's diet, as the teeth require both alkali and acids.
>
> As much as to understanding, children are entitled to misunderstanding. Not the brutal variety, but the bland variety. After the primitive needs have received attention, they need to be confronted with a blank wall of incomprehension. It is by reacting against this that they define themselves, become aware of themselves and their intentions.
>
> The same thing is true of writers and artists, and this is one reason why England has been so fertile in geniuses. The stolid egoism of the English household is the milieu for poets. Americans are too sympathetic to provide a good medium for the development of individuality. They are always talking about and trying to meet its problems, and by this very process they inhibit its growth. The process merely produces self-conscious hobbledehoys, the geniuses of the family circle who never come to anything.
>
> Everyone, in fact, needs incomprehension, and even

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oceans of it. This is especially true of writers and artists. It is only when we are misunderstood by others that we really understand ourselves.

The infallible way to produce uniformity is to cultivate individuality, which, in its proper growth, is always a by-product. The age of the American geniuses, the generation before the Civil War—certainly not yet equaled in this respect by any succeeding generation—was an age of rigid social discipline. Michelet said he grew up like a blade of grass between two paving-stones. So did Thoreau, Emerson and Hawthorne. So did Emily Dickinson and Winslow Homer. It is true that Poe and Melville encountered too much incomprehension. The last straw breaks the camel's back, but at least a large proportion of the other straws serve to develop its muscles.

I have said that Allston enjoyed his irritations. At least, they suggested many thoughts—I choose the following as examples:

Gibbon observes that the ancient Germans, when they were summoned to a public meeting, would lag behind the appointed time in order to show their independence. This trait was still more marked, according to Parkman, among the American Indians of Pontiac's time.

Similarly, my friend X and other editorial potentates rattle their papers on their desks for ten or twenty minutes, before they admit their supplicants, in order to show how important and busy they are. Henceforth, I shall think of editors as ancient Germans.

My friend, the professor, lays down the law. In my next book, I must not do this, I must not do that. It makes no difference to him that Balzac did it, or Taine, Thoreau or Tolstoy. All the authors who ever lived may have done just this—nevertheless, this is not done—and my friend the professor would say it to Tolstoy with as much sang-froid as he says it to me. Just so the herring might say to the whale, "My dear whale, you must not blow any longer. It really isn't done. We herrings never think of blowing. No creature ever blew in Boston harbor."

(It was in connection with this that he quotes Brunetière, in "Nouvelles Questions de Critique": "Knowledge and conscientiousness, delicacy of taste, tact, the art of selection and composition, feeling for style, felicity of expression, art or grace, eloquence or strength, all that formerly went under the name of talent or even genius—do any of these qualities really count in the eyes of a decipherer of texts or an editor of unpublished documents? And public opinion, which they have already more than half corrupted, seems likely soon to side with them.")

Today I receive another of those questionnaires that are sent out to Tom, Dick and Harry, asking for my views on socialism and communism and "how the American author ought to stand" regarding this, that and the other matter. I fully agree that authors should "take sides," and I always do so; but I ignore or decline these invitations to develop my views at length. It is not that I have not strong feelings on all these subjects; but may heaven preserve me from expressing them beyond the point of a Yes or No until the spirit calls me to do so in the normal course of my writing. Well said Nietzsche, "How happy are we, we finders of knowledge, provided that we know how to keep silent long enough." If there is anything "the American writer ought" to do, it is to keep the steam in his own boiler. If, storing away their opinions, writers allowed them to roll up interest in their minds, their legitimate writings would have a weight which they sadly lack at present.

A young man is writing a book on the future of society. What steps should we take to make the world better? He wants a few lines from "thinkers of the older generation." Would I send him a paragraph about it? I reply that to write a paragraph is harder than to write a book, for one has to have written the book mentally, explored the corners of one's mind, before one can reduce one's thoughts to a handful of words.

This seems to me self-evident. But what interests me is this holding people up for their opinions, asking them what they think at the point of a pistol. It is a prevalent method in our world of gunmen. What are these opinions worth, these "IQ" verdicts that abound in our advertising and our popular sociological literature? They cannot come from the depths of the mind. They can only come from the mental pockets in which we carry our small change, or the folders in which we keep our greenbacks—in order to be ready in case the gunman happens to be heavily armed and makes an incontrovertible demand upon us. No doubt, there are men, such as Einstein, who have explored their minds to the uttermost limit, who know on every subject what they think, and who can reduce it to a sentence or a paragraph and hand it out to a customer as a druggist hands out a bottle of pills. These men possess their "world-view" as others possess their old boots, in which they move about with ease and trust; and nothing is more stirring than the paragraphs and sentences in which these grand old thinkers discharge their minds. The sentences drop from them as apples drop from the tree of life, as naturally as other apples in their season. To force this fruit is like forcing any other fruit, which is sure to be green in essence if not in appearance. When my mind is forced, it emits every kind of untruth; and I refuse to "step lively" and talk in advance of my years and wisdom for the purpose of "throwing light" on these difficult problems. I am quite aware of these problems. They are my problems, and the business of my life is to solve them. In the meantime, I do not propose to hand out unripe fruit, and I deplore these bunches of green bananas.

I use about a quart of ink a year. I like black ink. It appears, however, that most Americans like blue ink, which, as the salesman says, is so much better "because it turns black in six months." No doubt, the leisurely business men who patronize this ink can wait six months for their effects. Time, with me, as a writer, presses. When I make tracks on paper, I wish to see them, and black ink is very hard to get. Every time I try to get it I go through the same procedure and end by accepting a compromise that leaves me in doubt, for black has turned to "coal black," or "coal" black to "koal" black—the last form it assumed was "midnight" black. All these words protest too much, arousing in me a painful skepticism. Is "coal" black as black as black? Is it blacker or less black if the word is spelled with a "k"? And

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is not "midnight" really purple? The more this ink protests it is black, the more I am driven to doubt it, and it does not reassure me to be told that, having used as a basis an aniline dye, the makers now use a kind of nut. As in everything else in this country, we cannot let well enough alone, but must have something new at any price. The baser explanation of this is that the manufacturers are always trying to get ahead of their rivals, who might spring something new on the world and capture all their trade if they did not spring the new thing first. A nobler explanation, which the manufacturers favor, is that it represents a thirst for perfection. From this point of view, "midnight" black stands for one of the phases of a toilsome progress. The next phase may well be the black of "just before dawn," while mere "black" will remain as a primitive taste of a prehistoric race that knew no better. It is the law of life in a business world that nothing shall continue in one stay; but, while the improvers affirm that the bad gets better, it is obvious to me that the good gets worse. *Erwarte nur, du bist so schön!* goes for ink as for everything else in a world in which business motives are too good to be true.

The following note expresses a vicarious irritation:

I sympathize with my youthful neighbor, who is struggling to inject a little order, a little taste and style—a little readability, in short—into a mass of manuscript that is supposed to be a book. A great lawyer thinks he has written this book, and he proposes to sign it. These legal luminaries, these magnates, these presidents of corporations, these very important men who are always pressing buttons have notions of their own in regard to writing. They imagine that all they have to do, to commit their thoughts to immortality, is to command a squadron of secretaries to look this, that and the other up, and then, in some hour of ease, with their spoils assembled about them, and a box of the best cigars on the desk before them, dictate to Miss Daphne or Miss Hebe. And they are always surprised to find that no one will read their writings. So many *whereases* and *wherefores* have crept into their copy that, although Miss Daphne strives to conceal the fact, she would rather walk home to Brooklyn, in a March blizzard, than read a page of the great man's lucubrations. Then the same result always follows. The great man turns for help to some youthful writer and offers him a chauffeur's wages if he will take the manuscript in hand and make it worthy of his signature.

These very important men do not know that literature is a learned profession, ten times more difficult than law. They do not know that there are some problems which cannot be solved by pressing a button, that literary taste and skill are the reward of years of humble effort. And in this they resemble certain writers who are also very important, if one judges them by a similar standard—the degrees and decorations they have received and the confidence with which they address the public in their interviews and radio speeches. One knows of authors who hire young men and women to do their drudgery for them. But God is not mocked in regard to them, nor is the critic deceived. This was not the way that Gibbon worked, or Prescott or Parkman, who used the secretarial crutch only because they were halt and blind. A real writer feels about his work as a healthy mother feels about her baby. His instinct revolts against the incubator and every mechanical substitute for brooding. The writer who does not brood, in every sense of the word, the writer who is not his own drudge, who does not earn his notes by loving investigation, pays a heavy forfeit. His prose lacks depth, tone and texture, and nothing can compensate for this.

I add a few notes on minor irritations:

Formerly, when I said, I am old, or I am going to be old, or I am going to die, my kind friends always replied, Nonsense, you are not old, you are not going to be old, and you are not going to die. Now such remarks are greeted with an ominous silence. The fact is out, and there is no blinking it.

How I Acquired Dignity.—I received my first lesson in dignity early last March when, stooping over suddenly to tie a shoelace, I wrenched a tendon and had lumbago. After a certain age, one learns that all impulsive movements lead to pains in the midriff or the small of the back. Is this not the reason why elderly people march along with such a stately tread?

The Radio.—In a moment of inadvertence, the radio was permitted to carry on by itself. Eternal vigilance is the price of freedom from the natural habits of this invention.

The better I write, the more my teeth hurt at the dentist's. At least, I think they are going to hurt more, and that is the main trouble at the dentist's. My dentist has noted and told me that I have grown more and more nervous, while my style has certainly grown better and better. As one advances in style, one's nervous system grows tenser and tenser, and all one's feelings grow more acute. Of course, one is more susceptible and apprehensive. Tell me how a writer feels at the dentist's, and I will tell you how he writes.

I end with a phrase of Pindar:

A man doing fit things forgets Hades.

VAN WYCK BROOKS

Noted

I have finished winter nearly,
Secretary to the stalks,
Wild blue lettuce, kinghead, yucca,
Sagebrush where my red mare walks.
Noted: sundown hurts a man,
Noted: planets fixed and frozen,
Noted: meeting on the plain
A dead man's cousin.
Noted: magpies need a glade,
Noted: by the time you touch
Any twig or grama blade
You have changed that much.
Noted of a cottonwood:
Hate could crack you down,
War is ever twice as near
As the nearest town;
Noted of a cottonwood:
Love can hold you ever,
Noted: willows tillering
From the frozen river.

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

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Bethlehem Background

THERE HAVE BEEN violence and deep hatred at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Here in the shadow of the gargantuan mills, in a steelman's town in a steelman's state, the SWOC almost alone has been battling some of the most powerful forces in American life. How is it with the men who live here in the steeltown shacks with the single potted geranium, who send their children to the steeltown schools, and whose very sun lies heavy and dull on the steeltown haze?

The maker of armor is traditionally the pet of his government, and Bethlehem Steel, as a billion-dollar armor maker, is not only the law of its towns, but stands above the federal government itself. Because it controls a huge proportion of America's war-essential capacity—much of it financed by the government—it bargains as a privileged producer with the same government whose labor laws it flouts.

Long-drawn-out efforts by labor to have Washington enforce the Walsh-Healy and Wagner acts against corporations like Bethlehem have demonstrated that the steelman's power in the nation's capital is both penetrative and traditional. Long years of association between government and corporate officials in business and social life; the brass hats' class-conscious antipathy for labor as the upstart private who talks back to the officer; the opportunities for private employment with corporations for retiring pensioners—all help to create a fertile environment in which powerful corporations like Bethlehem can operate almost at will, and despite the law-enforcement efforts of the government. This is particularly true in time of war emergency, when Congress unloosens its purse strings and shovels billions into the laps of procurement divisions.

Small steelmakers find their bids rejected because of minute variations in the carbon content of their steel. Independent fabricators of high-standard steel equipment are eliminated from bidding through slightly changed specifications—changes which would force them to retool their plants at prohibitive cost, but which, strangely enough, fit the facilities of certain large corporations. Thus great plants rust while men by the thousands are idle, waiting to do their share in defense. Meanwhile the largest corporation gets bigger and bigger contracts, even beyond its capacity to produce. At that point the privileged companies demand that the government finance further plant expansion for them, and so the vicious circle completes itself.

The powers of these massive corporations in their own milltowns is almost unlimited. Bethlehem's valuation of one of its plants in 1937 was $167,000,000. It paid taxes on only $11,000,000. A glance at the broken pavements and unpaved streets and the dilapidated condition of public buildings tells how the milltowns have been tax-starved. When the mill avoids paying its just share, taxes on other real estate have to be inordinately high, and this in turn contributes to the shortage of houses and the pitiful overcrowding.

Although whole rows of workers' bandbox housing were torn down for mill expansion, while the number of its employees almost doubled, Bethlehem has consistently fought every effort to build more houses. Workers commute from as far as fifty miles. Through its control of the local press and politicians, the company has for three years delayed use of earmarked funds for a USHA project in the city of Bethlehem. The mayor apparently was quite willing to have the project defeated in last November's election. But the SWOC's housing committee told the other side of the story, and the people carried federal housing by two to one. Still nothing happens. Now the defense housing division, headed by a real-estate man, is to treat Bethlehem to a new sort of slum set in the midst of its already festering slums, despite the fact that government-owned land lies idle a stone's throw distant. Allentown, Pennsylvania, separated by only a street from Bethlehem, but not so dominated by a single corporation, received a USHA appropriation at the same time as Bethlehem. Its first federal housing project was completed a year ago, and is now in use. So great was the interest in Bethlehem that thousands visited the Allentown project.

Bethlehem's control of its communities penetrates every walk of life. The corporation's president is chairman of Lehigh University's trustees. (The company gets its engineering apprentices from Lehigh.) And what of the churches? One can count on the fingers of one hand the men of God in all Bethlehem's milltowns put together who have the courage to speak out against injustice and follow the tenets of their faith.

Inside the mills, Bethlehem follows its old routine of suppression. Hardly a ripple of change is to be observed as a result of the Wagner act and other laws passed in Washington. But hundreds of union stewards have been fighting grievances and protecting the men as best they can. The Employees' Representation Plan, twenty-year-old pet of Schwab and Grace, is on its last legs. Bethlehem workers have hung separately often and long. Now they have learned to hang together. Fed up with empty promises, while their grievances remain unsettled, and the Great White Father in Washington pays little heed, they strike. Then Washington gets busy and the labor conciliators arrive on the scene. But it's standard Bethlehem practice not to permit government representatives to sit in on any conferences between company officials and workers' griev-

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ance committees, not even when the men walk out, or are forced out. Government conciliators are reduced to the status of errand boys, shuttling back and forth between company offices and union halls.

OPM Directors Knudsen and Hillman still command respect. But were it not for the efforts of SWOC officers and union stewards, and the men's faith in their good judgment, the Bethlehem Steel strike in Buffalo would still be on. Several such settlements have been made in recent months in Bethlehem plants, only to find the workers again walking out or being forced out a week or two later because the corporation's officials violated every promise. Promises are verbal, never written. That is Eugene Grace's policy. Sometimes it is hard to convince the men to remain at work to defend democracy while they are daily being robbed of every right and promise and of dignity itself. Those of us who have worked in Bethlehem plants find it hard to doubt that Bethlehem is stronger than the government of the United States.

Bethlehem's resentment against government activities in its milltowns is chronic and apparent in all its works. Safety inspection by the Pennsylvania Department of Labor and Industry is looked upon as something of a joke. The company still fights to the last farthing the payment of compensation due those crippled or widowed.

Bethlehem howls "check-off" whenever the union is mentioned, though no issue of a union check-off is involved. But Bethlehem has its own compulsory check-off, by which it collects $18 a year for its relief fund from every worker. Control of this huge annual take (approximately $1,500,000) is in the hands of the corporation's officers, with power to invest in Bethlehem and interlocking enterprises. But the men are more disturbed over the corporation's method of keeping down workmen's compensation costs. It is interesting to note also that a secretly computed bonus system, condemned as a cause of strikes by the War Labor Board in 1918, is still in effect.

Unless you have lived there, it is hard to understand how oppressively corporation domination hangs over the steel towns, or how it penetrates to the core of everyday living. Once you have lived there, you can understand why men are willing to glare back at company, city and state police, to face the quick, cruel terror of club and billy and the choking blindness of the tear-gas bombs.

E. J. LEVER

The People's Century

THOSE WHO SAY that either capitalist imperialism or nationalism is dead had better read Henry Luce's editorial, "The American Century." It was published originally in Life more than a month ago, but since then its persuasive power has been prodded by double-page-spread ads in the metropolitan papers. Mr. Luce overwrites and Mr. Luce must go through all sorts of literary heroics before he says his say. Yet the piece as a whole has in it so much conscious and unconscious candor that it goes beyond Mr. Luce and becomes an important document.

Mr. Luce's thesis can be stated briefly: America has become the most powerful nation in the world, with the greatest prestige. Let us live up to our role, win the war not to help other nations but to help ourselves, become the senior partner with England of a combination which will establish its hegemony over the world, control the world sea lanes and world trade, send out technicians to develop the world and educators to teach it and food cargoes to feed it and ideals to inspire it. This is to be the American Century, both in power terms and in spiritual terms. Not only does Mr. Luce see money flowing into the coffers of American business: from Asia, for example, "four, five, ten billions of dollars a year." He also sees what is, in effect, a Pax Americana established over the world, with the franchise of American citizenship extended as the Romans once extended Roman citizenship to those who were worthy. And he sees us also as assuming a new American Burden. "It now becomes our time to be the powerhouse from which the ideals [of civilization] spread throughout the world and do their mysterious work of lifting the life of mankind from the level of the beasts to what the Psalmist called a little lower than the angels."

It is easy to be snippy about this and easy to be merely negative. I don't propose to be either. I take Mr. Luce seriously, partly because he is a man who has shown himself to be intelligent and resourceful, partly because he has, as a baron of opinion, power that can shape not only purposes but instruments as well, mainly because he speaks for a new capitalist-conscious group, most of them younger men, who do not fear the war but regard it as an opportunity. The liberals have made the mistake of shouting "imperialist" at Mr. Luce and letting it go at that, as they have consistently made the mistake of identifying criticism with truth and negativism with finality. Mr. Luce has the merit of being tough-minded; in his own way he is a radical—one willing to follow through the implications of his position. Only an approach as radical and as affirmative as his, if from different premises, can grapple with him.

There are whole areas of agreement which I can pass over with a few words. It is true that we are living in a time of troubles that presents a wholly new environment; true that isolationism is impossible; true

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that America must have an affirmative world policy and assume world leadership, true that we must cooperate with Britain in winning the war and shaping a peace. Because Mr. Luce sees this I prefer him infinitely, though our purposes are as far removed as the four corners of the winds, to men like Burton Wheeler and John Flynn, who, though they inherit the Populist attitudes, are more dangerous than the Tories, because their aims are more noble but their world is just as musty and archaic.

But here I part company with Mr. Luce and so many others who feel that the war is the dark tunnel that must lead into the air and sunlight of a paradise of American-dominated world capitalism. Every person has his own private apocalypse. Mine is not that of American heroes sprouting from mounds of Standard Oil or duPont profits, or of American culture being pumped out over the world from powerhouses located on the MGM lot in Hollywood, or the Time and Life Building in New York. Nor do I fancy the corporate muscle-men—the advertising-agency executives and high-pressure publicity people—who will form the legionaries of the *pax Americana* and the prætorian guard of our power in each country.

My quarrel with Luce lies in the adjective "American" in his phrase "the American Century." As he uses it, the adjective embraces both too much and too little. Too much because, despite his repeated excoriations of our "deceits and self-deceits," he uses the nationalist symbol of American culture to signify the power of a single strain in that culture—that of the capitalists and their allies. Too little because, in world terms, "American" is only metonymy for "democratic"; and what has given us our strength and prestige is the reality of our living standards and our freedom, however relative.

Mr. Luce is curiously careful in talking about democracy. He talks of it mainly as a myth and catchword—"the brassy trumpeting of majestic words." If democracy is only a majestic word for Mr. Luce, then for all his boasted realism he is politically bat-blind. As I write, word comes of the overthrow in Yugoslavia of a Nazi-oriented government by a mass movement so deeply felt that it even reached the army and the church —a mass movement whose dynamic force was an identification of national freedom with the democratic cause. Some months ago the same movement was felt in Greece, some months before in England. What dynamic except that of democracy does Mr. Luce think we can use to win a war which the Nazis have already converted into a civil war in each country?

Mr. Luce says ours is a "revolutionary century." If that is not merely "a brassy trumpeting of majestic words," what does it mean? It can only mean that there will be a succession of revolutions in our century that will set the framework for the power-structures of the future. They may be revolutions on our side or against us. The revolution of the Yugoslavs is the first of a series, and it is on our side. Mr. Luce doesn't like the prospect of messy revolutions. The Revolution of 1776, he assures us, was accomplished by "gentlemen and men of common sense." I shall not argue over his history, but I suspect strongly that the revolutions of the future will not all be gentlemanly affairs. I doubt whether Poland will ever throw off its Nazi shackles in a gentlemanly fashion after what the Nazis have done to the Poles.

Let us not flinch from it. We cannot expect to have been blind for so long to the revolutionary situation in the world, to have let the Nazis get the jump on us, and to put a quietus on it all by aid to Britain, Union Now and a consortium of Anglo-American capitalists. To say we are in a revolutionary situation means that the revolutionary situation must bear its fruit. It will not somehow disappear because we win the war. We shall have to fulfill it and let other nations fulfill it.

But what will these nations be fighting for? Their own freedom and equality in an international community, or the privilege of sharing in an American Century? Mr. Luce must wear unusually dense social blinkers if he thinks they will fight for the latter. Why should they exchange the projected New Order of the Nazis in Europe and the Far East for the New Order he has in mind? Why should they pant for the privileges of forming satrapies in this new imperium?

Let there be no mistake. We do not have, as a workable alternative, the prospect of beating the fascists and then, like Cincinnatus, returning to our national plow. That would be a more catastrophic provincialism than any we have been guilty of. But is an American imperium over the world our only alternative to that?

It is not. There is an alternative that can combine democratic dignity with firmness. We shall, of course, have to use an iron hand, both in the war and in the years immediately following it. Whatever else the future may hold, its military and economic methods will be like nothing before them; they will involve planning, state power, economic regionalism, a new role for the technician and the managers. But there are ways and ways of using these necessary methods.

Ours must be a people's century. It must involve the leadership not just of America and England, but of a *democratic* America and England. It must involve democracy now, and not at some future time, in our diplomacy and foreign policy. It must involve a democratic military force and organization of the armament industries. It must involve democracy now in regional agreements with Latin America. And it must involve finally a federation of nations in which, if we are leaders, we are leaders among equals, with their consent, pooling our resources of wealth and intellect and will with theirs.

Unless we can achieve a people's century for all nations, it will not have room in it for the democratic efforts and dreams that make us proud to be Americans.

MAX LERNER

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Washington Notes

The Anti-Labor Drive

HATTON W. SUMNERS, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, likes to be called the sage of the House. Actually he is not so much sage as common denominator. When he speaks, what he says is important because it often represents the norm of crystallized opinion. Sumner's speech against the court-reorganization bill has sometimes been credited with turning the tide against that legislation. It would be more accurate to say that Sumners launched a surfboard on a tide already running. He is a shrewd judge of House opinion and enjoys speaking from the bandwagon. This explains his reputation for sagacity.

His speech on the court bill did not change opinion; it expressed majority opinion already formed. Similarly, his anti-labor address to the House last week was a significant and alarming indicator of collective judgment. The burden of his talk was that the American way is dependent upon a nice balance between the power of labor and the power of ownership. During the pre-depression period, he said, capital acquired too much power and took a disproportionately great reward. Now, by his analysis, the scales of power are weighted too heavily on labor's side and the result is arrogant, grasping union leadership. The solution he indicates is drastic anti-strike legislation. His peroration was cheered:

"It is absolutely essential that the loyal element in labor if possible, and it is possible, be cut away from those who would do this country hurt. When that time comes when it is necessary to deal with the enemies of this nation, whether they be in the factory or where, I believe the sentiment of the Committee on the Judiciary is to bring in whatever legislation is necessary. And if it is necessary to send them to the electric chair in order to preserve the liberty of this country, I do not believe there is a member of the Committee who would hesitate one split second to do it."

Obviously the malefactors Sumners was condemning to electrocution were the labor leaders responsible for defense strikes going on as he spoke. The most conspicuous of these were against the Bethlehem Steel Company and the Allis-Chalmers Company. At Bethlehem the CIO was striking for recognition against a concern which has persistently violated the law guaranteeing labor the right to organize without interference and bargain collectively for improved wages and working conditions. That law was passed in 1935 and long since sustained by the Supreme Court.

But judicial process is so slow that it has not yet been applied finally to the Bethlehem company. Labor is certainly within its rights in resorting to strike action to force compliance with the law. At Allis-Chalmers the striking union has agreed to conditions for resumption of work laid down by the OPM, but the company has refused to accept these terms. Here again labor is wholly within its rights.

Yet Sumners, by implication, holds the strike leaders guilty of a crime against the American people for delaying defense production. And a majority of the House seems to agree that these union leaders are acting arbitrarily and abusing their too great powers. There is small doubt that anti-strike legislation would pass the House and even, perhaps, the Senate, if the issue were put to a test immediately. Whether the current mood continues will depend in large measure upon the success of President Roosevelt's new Mediation Board in preventing work stoppages, or at least in shortening them. The situation is dangerous not only to labor but to the whole national economy, both now and in the post-war period of readjustment, the shape of which is still obscure. In spite of the so far fairly successful effort of the government to hold prices in check, the cost of living has increased materially and will probably go still higher. Abrogation of the right to strike would in effect freeze industrial wages at their present level. Thus real wages would go down as the price of living rose. This was labor's World War experience, thanks to Samuel Gompers' agreement to preserve the *status quo*, and the new labor leadership is properly determined that it shall not be repeated.

The President well understands this fundamental of the labor-management relationship and has done everything in his power to prevent a freezing of wages. He fully realizes the truth of what even such a conservative authority as Bernard Baruch, drawing on his experience as chairman of the War Industries Board, has told Congress—that there should be no interference with labor's freedom to bargain for improved conditions, which means also that it must not be deprived of its ultimate weapon, the strike, unless there is also rigid price control. The result of one without the other would be, as Mr. Baruch has pointed out, a serious economic dislocation. The President so far has rejected the alternative of complete price control on the theory that the United States, even in a national emergency, should retain as much as possible of its free-enterprise system.

Beyond the practical consideration that mass purchasing power should be maintained to keep the national economy in proper adjustment, there is the ideological necessity of preserving the liberties for which we propose to fight with our material resources, if not, for the time being at least, with our man power. To do away with such a basic liberty as the right of workers to strike for just cause would be to cancel the reason for the national-defense effort.

These considerations, already compelling to the President and his advisers, may eventually modify the ugly mood of the House. However, every strike, no matter how necessary from labor's point of view, will increase the irritation of the House. As in the case of the Allis-Chalmers affair, which has become a management rather than a labor strike, the issues will not be well enough understood to remove the onus from labor. Several important and dramatic strikes are developing, the most spectacular against the Ford Motor Company. Like the Bethlehem workers, Ford employees have been deprived of their rights under the National Labor Relations Act and they propose to achieve by a walk out what they have not been able to accomplish otherwise. Again there will be an outcry in Congress against labor for shutting down a plant so essential to defense production. Labor will be blamed for the interruption rather than the stubborn and illegal defiance of Henry Ford. Yet if labor gives in before hostile public opinion in the Ford case the results will be injurious not only to the workers involved but to the whole New Deal system for getting juster distribution of the products of industry. To stand still now on so crucial a front would be to retreat.

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Sumners' speech on labor and the reception it received in the House showed an appalling lack of understanding of, or lack of sympathy with, the administration's labor policy, which is so important a part of the New Deal scheme of things. It is a lack which is general in the politically important middle classes and which is carefully cultivated by the press. The importance of Communist leadership and its political opposition to the administration's foreign policy has been overemphasized to the point of distortion by those who have called it the motivation for the major strikes. It is unfortunate for labor that it has permitted Communist sympathizers to retain responsibility in some unions and that even some non-Communist leaders, like Lewis, are out of sympathy with the defense program. But this does not make all strikes suspect.

Sumners would like nothing better than to translate the current superficial public judgment of all defense strikes as unjustified into legislation "putting labor in its place"—back in its pre-Wagner act place—for generations to come. To frustrate him and his kind, labor must exercise wise restraint and make its objectives clearer than it is now making them. Understanding administration officials also must handle the situation with extreme care. The President's veto power can stand off the down-with-labor patriots for a while, but not forever, unless something is done to regain for labor some of the middle-class sympathy that got the Wagner act and similar legislation through Congress.

Washington T. R. B.

Book Basis

Native Son, by Paul Green and Richard Wright, based on the novel by Richard Wright. St. James Theatre, March 24, 1941.

THE CASE may be a little different, though not much so, when the author of a novel undertakes a dramatization of it. He has, at least more than the outside dramatizer, the privilege of doing as he likes with it. In the art of painting, for example, there is obviously nothing new in an artist's turning from one canvas to another, or from canvas to sculpture, and leaving out certain motifs and repeating others. The only esthetic principle necessary, I should think, is that the second piece of art should be, as the first was, complete in itself.

Many elements from the novel of "Native Son" could not be got into a play; that is obvious. It is equally obvious that various other elements from the novel would have greatly deepened and enriched the play. Most of all they might have helped to make it something more like itself and less like the traditional crime, fugitive-from-justice, social-wrong and death-cell plays that we have known so long, and might have served to differentiate it thus from these others, and to allow it more of its own distinction, true substance and innate power.

As matters stand, the play of "Native Son" that Mr. Richard Wright and Mr. Paul Green have written and that we see now produced is entirely recognizable in the modern theatre list of the last two generations or so. That fact is nothing against it of course; the same is true of the greatest masterpieces, if we leave out plane, imaginative passion and rarity. The assets that this particular play enjoys over most others of its type are numerous enough, however.

Through dealing with the Negro life, pitted against its own race and the white race, it gains the advantage of a violent and dramatic light and shade in tone and incident, and of Negro life and character, with its warmth and gentle strangeness, its fear, violence and frustration. The casting for the roles, too, is for the most part highly astute. To think of Mr. Erskine Sanford for the capitalist father, for example, how many would have done that? There Mr. Sanford is, nevertheless, playing without Times Square punch, without the obvious tycoonery or rich insensitivity to the world's wrongs, but with a simplicity of feeling and good taste that could, if the play were written so, intensify the truth implicit in the subject matter. Miss Nell Harrison plays the blind wife with a very right quality, elusive and solitary, as it should be. And Mr. Canada Lee brings to the leading role a rich and varied gift of imagination, a registration of feeling and poise, and an absence of sloppy self-pity for his man, Bigger Thomas (wronged-race, fugitive, et cetera) that are admirable. His is a most admirable performance, sure and steady and varied. It does not depend on the sheer racial vividness and unaccustomed quality —the voice, the movement, the rhythm—that make so many performances by Negro players win a critical praise that must discourage many an actor who has learned his craft with labor and long thought.

Mr. Lee's performance is, in fact, the best I have ever seen in New York from a Negro player. And in admiring it, we must remind ourselves, too, of the obstacles the actor had to go up against; first of all a certain externality, or objectivity, by which so much of what goes on in Bigger's mind is left out, and by which—this very objectivity and elimination—so many acting necessities remain. And, too, Bigger's lines suffer none too rarely from being overexplicit or expected, dull in rhythm, and hampered by semi-stale figures of speech—speeches in which the vital economy has been watered almost to banality.

In two scenes above all "Native Son" leaves far behind most plays of the type I have indicated: the scene where the girl is smothered by the Negro chauffeur—superbly handled in every way—and the scene before the furnace in which her body is hidden.

"Native Son" gains also by the thunderous and lurid theatre methods of Mr. Orson Welles. And true theatre at that, true theatre, alive and reproachful. In my opinion Mr. Welles is one of the best influences our theatre has, one of the important forces. I also think the fact that he produced "Native Son" is more important than the fact of the play itself, as the play stands. His talent begins with the violent, the abundant and the inspired-obvious, all of which make for the life of the theatre art, as contrasted with the pussy-footing and the pseudo-intelligent and the feminism that has crept into this theatre art of ours. In "Native Son" he draws on full theatre resources, of light and sound and form, and his statement is almost continuously sonorous and distinct, if at times quite ham.

The thing to observe here about this directing of Mr. Welles's is that there is no way of telling how far this rushing and plentiful use of the theatre medium *per se* that he is capable of and practises here, cuts down the pathos, or the tragic element, that might have been possible to "Native

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Son" and its performance. For I must admit that I was from time to time excited rather than moved by the play. I could feel here and there the pull of what was, as it were, a kind of extraneous suspense in moments where everybody in the theatre knew what was going to happen. As a whole, the ten scenes of "Native Son" seemed to me more of a strain than a tragedy.

We should not blame Mr. Orson Welles for that last fact. He has a right to demand that the play supply material that would balance—or even contest—his own contribution to it. And watching "Native Son" scene by scene, I could see that what was not thus supplied him was the subjective detail and the close, loving, ruthless and minute observation and record of Negro details in speech, imagery and thought and habit. We felt the need of that most in the first and last scene, where the whole impact depended on this vivid, living poignancy. And there is also the fact that the trial scenes edged off from the sharp issues involved. Mr. Philip Bourneuf spoke his sliding speeches well, and Mr. Ray Collins, who has a lengthy harangue to deliver to the judge, was certainly natural and right—an excellent performance—but what he said dodged the communistic flat-and-out claims involved, engaged us with a safe patter of clichés. It presented more miscegenation in the theory that was orated than decisions as to what reforms exactly should be instituted. No harm could be done to our prestige as intelligent persons if we admitted clearly that the chances taken in "Native Son" are very slight indeed. There is a quiet suggestion, I am afraid, of business as usual.

"Native Son" as a discussion of the race problem, as a drama based on the position of a Negro man in the midst of race-prejudice, Chicago politics and mass meetings, justice and minor nationalities, is nothing at all; and a poor Tom Tom the piper's son it is who would ever think so, though he might buy a ticket to the show at the St. James. Beyond a bit of theatre commotion, publicity, sitting in our seats through ten scenes without intermission, and running into waves of intermittent emotion, there is very little remaining with us when the evening is over, though the subject matter of the play concerns one of the most pressing issues in America. STARK YOUNG

Music in the USSR: II

THE THREE BIG NAMES of the "Old Guard" composers of the Soviet Union are Glière, Miaskovsky and Prokofiev. These three composers have been perhaps least of all affected by the advent of the reaction. Their position was so definitely established when the reaction came, and they were so deeply respected all over the USSR, that the leadership had to treat them as privileged and dispense with a public confession. The obligation became unofficial; it was tacitly understood that they too would conform to the general trend. Yet it is obvious that Glière, for instance, did not have much to change in his music in order to conform to this trend. His love for the folksong is real, his conservatism is thoroughly sincere, and his style was never very much different from what it has now become. Because of the sincerity of his enthusiasm for folk music, his discrimination in selecting the materials is better than that of the younger composers. Thus, for instance, his "Heroic March of Buryat-Mongolia," a symphonic poem commissioned by the government of that republic, sounds a good deal less artificial than certain similar pieces by the younger men.

The case of Prokofiev is different. Prokofiev is definitely one of the great musicians of our time, a man who has invented a technique of his own (especially a remarkable technique of pianistic writing). He is a man well aware of what has been happening in the Western music of which he was a leader throughout the twenties. Yet even Prokofiev's art has definitely acquired a special type of simplicity since his return from Paris to Moscow; and this simplicity is, I believe, not of the highest order. I always doubt the real value of a piece when it is hailed by a public which has been bred on the menu of our regular concert dinner. And the success of his "Peter and the Wolf" or of his Violin Concerto with the public, the conservative critics and the reactionary performers seems quite inexplicable to me. One feels instinctively that something must have happened to the composer's music in the recent past, that it should receive so overwhelming an ovation.

After hearing or looking through the scores of his latest compositions, I have been confirmed in the opinon that what has happened to the works of Prokofiev, without a single exception, is to some degree the same thing that has happened to most of the other music of the Soviet Union. There appears to be a general simplification of style with no increase in value. Not one single original theme seems to have come from his pen in the last years, and this despite the fact that he has become more prolific. In most of these compositions—and I have seen a good many of them—the material is second-hand, sometimes of doubtful taste, and of dubious freshness. The jokes are harmless, but childish, and I suggest that they be tried on an intelligent film-cutter in Hollywood before presentation to the public. The harmonies and some of the melodies show repetition of the old devices which we have seen in earlier music of Prokofiev. The themes are often trivial and commonplace; the rhythm is rectangular or triangular. The whole thing sounds repetitious and like some weak reminiscence of a better-day Prokofiev. What remains is again extraordinary orchestration and an occasional breath of fresh air in the form of a charming melody or a delightful cadence. Only rarely do we find among his recent works such a jewel as the first of the three songs written for the Pushkin Centenary. Here is Prokofiev at his best.

The third composer of the Old Guard is Miaskovsky. I have just been through the last three of the eighteen or nineteen symphonies he has written. The sad fact is that in this country he is scarcely known, although he is certainly one of the most prolific and ablest symphonists of our time. His symphonies are always of a very large scope; and although they are somewhat dull and academic, they are infinitely less so than those of Sibelius. In the first place, their emotional content is of a better taste. Moreover, the themes, although somewhat gray and without a definite contour, are certainly not trite or derivative from bad sources like those of Sibelius. The whole of the musical structure is on a far superior technical level and of a "higher breeding" than the music of many symphonists of the older generation in western Europe. Also, the general standard of form is far better than that of Sibelius. One hears easily *through* the texture of the score. The harmonies are often charming in their somewhat old-fashioned melan-

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choly, and in spite of the emotionalism of this music, it possesses remarkable clarity.

Yet the contrapuntal texture in these last symphonies is poor and obvious. Its devices are outmoded and of the dusty, conservatory type. After looking through these symphonies, one has an inescapable feeling of sadness, for in spite of their superiority to other works of their kind and time, they are still cafeteria fare and not pâté de foie gras. (But then again most of our orchestral concerts are cafeteria fare as far as their programs go, with the same soggy Brahms beans and the same heavy bacon of Sibelius.) Even in Miaskovsky one feels the indirect influence of the *mea-culpa* style. There is present in his latest works an increasing trend toward simplification and the tendency to work with themes of a folk origin.

Among the young generation, Shostakovich is definitely the most important and the most gifted. And yet it is not right to single him out as has been done by the people responsible for the arrangement of musical programs in this country. In spite of all the success of his Fifth Symphony, this work is a tragic acknowledgment of defeat rather than an affirmative statement of personal faith. It is a very sad and very long piece of the heavy romantic kind, written in the old-fashioned style of the late nineteenth century. It is formally shapeless, stereotyped in its devices; one feels projected into the slow-camera caption of the second act of a Chekhov play with its endless and windy philosophizing. Only the opportunistic minds of the Soviet critics can present it as an optimistic piece. It is somber to the point of desolation for at least forty of its fifty minutes. Its gay and triumphant moments are few, strained, and at times frighteningly cheap. There are a few passages of melancholy loveliness and genuine beauty of orchestration, yet these moments are rare and disappear in the long-drawn-out and shapeless whole. I prefer the Shostakovich of the early period of the ballet, "The Golden Age," and the boisterous opera, "The Nose," both of which reflect in a Russian manner the spirit of William Walton's "Façade," Erik Satie's "Parade," and other works of the Western composers of the same period. This is at least truly optimistic music, though somewhat superficial in spirit.

The early work of the Armenian, Khachaturian, indicates some leaning toward early Scriabin in the harmonic texture. Most of it is only promising and by now obsolete. However, his latest symphonic work for the Twentieth Jubilee of the Socialist Republic of Armenia is quite different. It shows some very sound, if somewhat unimaginative polyphonic development which is vaguely related to the Hindemith school. It is, however, a strange polyphony, not very consistent, and somewhat academic in its nature. One feels that there is no general stylistic motivation for the polyphonic development, and this gives to the work the inconsistent quality of which I speak. Being an Armenian, Khachaturian uses (or has to use) themes of a Caucasian origin. How many of them are his own invention, how many are authentic, I do not know; but all of them are too reminiscent of those gentlemen who wrote "Prince Igor," "Scheherezade" and "Islamée." This unfortunate melange of Caucasian folk themes handicaps the composer's creative ability, and produces the effect of constraint; as the French say, *cela sonne voulu*. Yet there is much charm and a sincere beauty in the work of Khachaturian—for example, in such a piece as his excellent Largo of "The Dance Suite." It is warm, nicely shaped and perfect in technique. Equally so is the slow movement of his symphony. Harmonic experimentation is scarce, and the presence of the *mea-culpa* style reflects definitely upon the general structure of the composition. It gives to the music that particular touch of obviousness which seems to be required from the composers of the Soviet Union. In its exoticism and its closeness to the composers of the late nineties, this music should be acceptable to the American audience.

Kabalevsky presents a different case. He is, perhaps, the chief representative of the young academicians. His style is entirely monophonic; his writing is technically irreproachable, but academic in spirit; his orchestration is sound but unimaginative; his formal structure is clear but conservative. In his developments he uses in the most obvious way such commonplace devices as repetitions of the same phrases over again, and long strings of sequences; and all these are used without much meaning or care. It is a sort of strange mixture of the old-fashioned salon style of Rachmaninov, pepped up with a second-hand "moderne" Prokofievianism. This is doubly unfortunate, for it creates an atmosphere of provincialism in which the composer unfolds his very solid melodical gift; and this melodical gift is of a lyrical nature. It is present in his piano concerto, in his symphony, and even in the score of his ballet, which is probably the poorest, though the most recent, of his compositions. Perhaps if the composer were left alone, he would rid his work of this blatant simplicity and academic conservatism. It is so out of date, and like a poor caricature and rehash of the kind of thing Satie, Auric and Poulenc were doing some twenty years ago in France. But of course his productions lack the charm and subtle *sous-entendus* that the Frenchmen had. Here the general trend of what the leadership thinks the popular taste ought to be is working very obviously to the detriment of the composer.

Lack of space unfortunately limits my discussion of individual composers. Best known among the many others are: Gniessen (Jewish), Tschenberdji (Georgian), Veprik (Baltic), Polovinkin, Khrennikov, Starokadomsky, Mossolov, Shaporin and Krein. All of these composers belong to the various racial groups inhabiting the USSR; all of them reflect in their music, sometimes too conscientiously, the racial characteristics of the groups to which they belong.

This brings us to the consideration of one of the really valuable and positive features of the work of the Soviet composers: I mean the collecting and arranging of the folk material of secondary racial groups which had been more or less neglected in the past. Innumerable collections of folk songs, dances, army songs, workers' songs and even religious music have appeared in the last fifteen years. Here the government policy has been consistent throughout and has produced very happy results. Some of these collections have been compiled carefully and scientifically, and the particularities of the tonal systems of every racial group have been respected. This wealth of extant folk music from the past and present of the peoples inhabiting the USSR is probably the most authentic sign of the cultural musical rise of the masses. The composers have done a splendid work in popularizing or, if I may say so, universalizing this folk art, which has formerly been confined to a small geographical region. However, on many occasions one wishes that

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the composers would respect more the harmonic peculiarities of this folk material. On the other hand, it is true that, by harmonizing it in the accepted harmonic formulas of the tradition of the last fifty years, they bring the music out of its particular region and prepare it for use by the masses all over the Soviet Union. The same careful and responsible work has been done in connection with the songs of the army by one of the leaders of the main army band, Mr. Alexandrov. There is, of course, much trash and second-rate material among all these collections, but on the whole they are very good.

Finally, another positive aspect of the musical activity of the USSR is the musicological research upon the Russian composers of the nineteenth century, and the publication of their works. I may mention the magnificent edition of "Boris Godunov" by Mr. Lamm, and the publication of the Moussorgsky notebooks.

The reader of these articles may conclude that, since the Soviet music I have discussed appears to be worth little, there is no point in performing it at all. I disagree with this conclusion, for two reasons. The first is that, compared to the standard programs of symphonic and other concerts in the United States, this music can hold its own: it is as good as, if not better than, a great many of the new compositions which have recently been performed. Furthermore, it would be, in my opinion, an advantage to spare the New York public the hearing of the twenty-five to forty yearly performances of the Brahms symphonies, of the twenty to forty performances of Sibelius' music, and to present them, instead, with a picture of the creative output of the composers of the world. When the music of the Soviet Union is represented on the program, it is invariably either that of Shostakovich or Prokofiev. But this, again, involves a different problem. How can we expect the composers of the USSR to be played when so little even of contemporary American music is being performed except by Mr. Koussevitsky and a few other conductors? The second reason for performing Soviet music is the sociological one which I mentioned at the beginning of these articles. I believe that it is important for the American public, and especially for the American intelligentsia, to understand what happens to the arts in a country like Soviet Russia.

NICOLAS NABOKOV

The Bandwagon

The British censorship refused to pass the word Coventry; an American reporter therefore called it "a Midland town famous for its naked women." This expression refers to an act of Duff Cooper's, who sent a London music-hall show to Coventry to improve the spirits of the people there. – *German home broadcast, printed in Bulletins from Britain.*

Vancouver is in the grip of an epidemic of rubella, a mild malady which was known as German measles in pre-war days. – *News item in The Vancouver, B. C., Daily Province.*

As evidence of Boston's ability to mold the attitude of its newer residents, Mr. Marquand may be interested to know that a few years ago a South Boston boy, caught stealing flowers from the Public Garden, committed suicide in his cell rather than face the shame consequent to his act. Extreme, possibly, but certainly in the tradition. – *From an editorial in The Boston Herald.*

All of Them?

Designer Upholds Strapless Gowns. – *Headline on news story from Hollywood, printed in The Washington Post.*

Psychic

COLLIER'S.—Colonel Lindbergh tells fully in March 29 Collier's why he believes in a negotiated peace. Display for a sell-out. – *Notice to news dealers in the invoice of the Central News Company of Philadelphia.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

A Policy for America

SIR: I am in favor of this country's taking a strong line with Japan, attacking her if she fails to respond to pressure. As I see it, we are repeating the mistake of Britain and France, who permitted Italy to hold a substantial part of their fleets in the Mediterranean while remaining a non-belligerent.

Japan, a member of the Axis, is as much in the war today as Italy was in March, a year ago.

Japan is acting in the interest of Germany by immobilizing most of our fleet, and units of the British and Dutch fleets, in the Pacific, as well as troops, mechanized equipment and airplanes.

If our Pacific fleet were free to move into the Atlantic, Hitler's chances of invading Britain would be radically diminished.

Anybody can see now that if Britain and France had challenged Italy early in the war and forced a decision, Italy could have been knocked out with little difficulty and France would probably be standing today.

For years the economic and military weakness of Japan has been stressed, as has also the weakness of Italy. Italy was weak, as was supposed. Japan is weak, as everyone knows.

It is not safe to assume that Britain will hold, that her navy is adequate, that German bombs cannot dangerously reduce her production or affect her morale. Help extended by us under the lease-lend bill may not prove adequate or in time.

A more positive, active and useful role should be played by America. We should offer Japan two alternatives: (1), to withdraw from the Axis and collaborate with us, or (2), to take the consequences.

If we sit idly by, allowing Japan to continue her present policy, we risk having to fight her after Britain is reduced. If we found her an easy adversary, as the British, with the Greeks, have found Italy to be, it will be some solace, but not enough to compensate for the losses occasioned by our timidity and delay.

Some people say: Hitler wants nothing so much as for America to become embroiled with the Japs. Others say: England does not want us to direct our interest to the Pacific.

Who knows for sure what Hitler wants or what England thinks or whether they are right, regardless of their opinion? The British were not right about Italy, and even if they had been, and their record were perfect, why shouldn't we think this problem out for ourselves?

America will play a secondary role in the post-war world, and

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deservedly so, unless she contributes some thought and some action of her own to this struggle. If we govern ourselves wholly by what the British suggest to us, and have no policy of our own, we confine ourselves in a fashion which may not work out either in Britain's interest or ours.

Why should we not tell Japan in the bluntest fashion of which we are capable that if Matsuoka does not take the occasion of his visit to Hitler to disentangle himself from the Axis, Japan may expect us to use every means at our disposal to weaken and ultimately destroy her power in the Pacific?

Failure to do that may allow Japan to do immense harm, as in the case of Italy, before the final reckoning.

New York City M. D.

It Wasn't True

SIR: I am glad to send you the attached copy of a letter from the Adjutant General's Office.

Great Neck, N. Y. CHARLES CHANEY

[ENCLOSURE]

Reference is made to your telegram of February 24, 1941, addressed to the President, which has been referred to this office, concerning a War Department order black-listing The New Republic.

No order or instructions have been issued by the War Department banning the sale of the publication referred to by you at the army camps. If more specific information is furnished, a further reply will be made.

E. DEDAMS

Washington, D. C. Major General, the Adjutant General

Local 5 and Communism

SIR: I feel that your editorial ("Communists and Teachers," The New Republic, February 24) on the action taken by the Executive Council of the American Federation of Teachers against the New York local is false as to fact and implication.

You state that "there seems little doubt that these groups have been dominated by Stalinists." You adduce no evidence to support this charge.

You state that Communists "specialize" in taking important actions "before hostile members have arrived, or after they have been wearied by the interminable oratory and have gone home." This implies that this is the case in Local 5. The fact is that union meetings are convened at 8:15 p. m. and, since they are held in public school buildings, must adjourn at 11 p. m. This fantastic charge has never been made by any internal or external critics of Local 5.

You state that the Executive Council charges "with apparent justice," yet do not attempt to prove the justice with the citation of a single substantiating fact.

You state, not as a charge by the Executive Council, but as a fact, that "this local has set up a new organization which parallels the American Federation of Teachers." Even an Executive Council bent on manufacturing a case did not go so far as your editorial. The fact is that the Committee to Save the American Federation of Teachers is not a parallel but an internal group, that it has no dues-paying members, and that it will go out of existence when the attack of the Executive Council on our locals ceases. The fact further is that the faction now in control of the American Federation of Teachers has just such an internal organization, known as the Joint Progressive Caucus, which has offices and meets regularly in various sections of the country.

Your statement that the final decision is put where it should be, in the hands of the whole membership, completely ignores the entire question of the right of the Executive Council to circumvent the express provision of the constitution of the American Federation of Teachers which requires a two-thirds vote of a national convention for the revocation of the charter of a local. This provision is, of course, designed to give protection to minorities against precisely the type of factional activity that the Executive Council is at present engaged in.

LAURENCE E. PRENDERGAST,
Secretary, Local 5, American Federation of Teachers

New York City

[Mr. Prendergast, of course, is an official spokesman for Local 5. As such, he is evidently following the good old rule among lawyers: "Deny everything, and shout at the top of your voice." The whole question of the relations between the American Federation of Teachers and the locals that are under fire will soon be debated in full detail before the bar of public opinion. We are confident that the comments of The New Republic will be shown to be justified.

A distinguished committee of twenty-three educators in New York City has endorsed the action of the executive council of the AFT. This committee says that "the two New York locals . . . have evidently been brought under the domination of Communist forces. . . . These locals have lost the confidence not only of organized labor and of large numbers of teachers . . . but also of the general public. . . . We hope that friends of democracy and education will not be misled by any attempts which may be made to confuse thought and to conceal the real issues." Among the signers are John Dewey, Reinhold Niebuhr, John L. Childs, Jesse Newlon, Horace Kallen, J. Salwyn Shapiro and other outstanding educators. We should be glad to know whether Mr. Prendergast considers that people like these are completely uninformed about what is happening in the AFT. — THE EDITORS]

From The New Republic Mail Bag

The New Republic's editorial, "Vermont Looks Ahead," (March 17) drew from Max Wiene, Rutland, Vermont, the observation that in naming the Southern states which are far behind in the matter of a poll tax, we should note that Vermont is not free from this relic of the past.

"Wishful thinking," says Howard Osborne, Bridgeport, Nebraska, of our editorial, "The President and War Aims" (March 10). "The President has given no indication that he realizes time and sweat must be given now to planning for peace after the war. He has given several indications that his line on this is Churchill's line."

Footnote on Pennsylvania, from an attorney, Ernest O. Kooser, Somerset, Pennsylvania: "In view of the great encroachments of political power upon the rights of private citizens by present-day government, surely you must feel a legal definition of freedom should be established, and limitations set." United States and state of Pennsylvania constitutional provisions for religious freedom suggest similar provisions for economic freedom, Mr. Kooser says, and he suggests the following constitutional amendment: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of business, or prohibiting the free operation thereof." In Pennsylvania, Eugene Grace is God?

The Randall Jarrell battle is too much fun to shut off, thinks James Palmer Wade, La Vergne, Tennessee, and he takes a swing at both sides in the controversy. He finds Mr. Jarrell far from witty and in fact unintelligible, "But all the same," he says, "Mr. Jarrell has the right on his side, though neither he nor his detractors have discovered where it lies. They have both forgotten that criticism, like the writing of history, is the art of imparting one's prejudices to other people."

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Books in Review

Auden in America

W. H. AUDEN's new poem is the most ambitious he has so far written, and in many ways the most successful. People who haven't followed his recent development will find on reading it that they are entering an unfamiliar and uncomfortable but stimulating world of ideas.

"The Double Man" [1] is a work in three parts, consisting of 1,707 numbered lines, followed by 87 pages of notes, quotations and comments in prose and verse. The poem itself is written in four-beat iambic couplets. This is a pattern that has generally been used for satires, epigrams and brief narratives—Dean Swift, for example, was fond of it—and when followed too faithfully in longer poems, it runs the risk of becoming monotonous. Auden avoids that danger by the alternation of moods, by headlong rhythms and hairbreadth rhymes, so that "The Double Man" is technically a considerable achievement. It is much more interesting, however, for what it has to say—in other words, for the element in poetry that is generally disregarded by reviewers.

Auden says, like others before him—beginning perhaps with Berdyaev in 1919—that our society is now convulsively dying. The Economic Man created by the Renaissance is ending his days, after finding himself enslaved by the machines that he invented. We who survive know that a crime has been committed, and all are seeking for the criminal; even the Men of Good Will are now eager to embark on a crusade against Hitler. The real guilt, however, rests on all of us; it cannot be confined to politicians, even the worst of them, since they are merely the voice of the crowd. In appearance, the modern tyrannies have a double source, being partly derived from Plato's idea of philosopher-kings, and partly from Rousseau's idea of man as a naturally good animal. But in reality, both these misconceptions have an identical basis—that is, the cold spiritual pride that leads each separate man to believe he is all-important. Being lonely, the ego has become monstrous; being monstrous, it has become terrified of itself, and in terror it is plunging toward self-destruction. We can avoid that fate for ourselves by deciding that although the old bonds of family and locality have been destroyed and each of us is totally alone, still we can form what Auden calls "a purely personal confederation." As discrete persons, we must learn to love one another. . . . And the poem ends with a deeply felt prayer for humility and strength.

The various sections of "The Double Man" are not equally good. Sometimes Auden so involves himself in ethical distinctions that he seems to be pulling hairs from imaginary heads in order to split them into four equal parts. Other passages are full of a fanciful but fundamentally serious eloquence—as, for example, his picture of how living poets are judged by a tribunal of the dead and his fine tribute to Karl Marx as one of the "great sedentary Cæsars." Meanwhile the poem as a whole keeps its unified framework and an uninterrupted movement.

There are three respects in which it seems fundamentally different from most of the poetry we have been reading.

In the first place, its subject is moral rather than political. All during the 1930's, poets were preoccupied with the possibility of social changes, but Auden wants to begin by changing the inner world. He has lost most of his faith in the fruitfulness of political action, and all of his faith in writers as political agents. Like the English poets of the 1790's who began as fellow travelers of the French Revolution, but were alienated by the reign of terror and the conquests of Napoleon, Auden and his friends have been alienated from communism and are now preoccupied with the problem of evil in the human soul. And they are fully conscious of this historical parallel. Auden, for example, is determined not to follow the example of Wordsworth, who ended as a devout supporter of the English squires. He is more attracted by the example of Blake, who wanted to change the political revolution into a revolution of love. But perhaps he most resembles the later Coleridge—the prose Coleridge—being inclined like him toward theological speculations and being nourished on German metaphysics.

And the word "German" suggests the second novelty in his work. The authors quoted in his eighty-seven pages of notes include Goethe, Wagner, Nietzsche, Kierkegaard (a Dane adopted by the Germans), Freud, Jung, Thomas Mann, Kafka, Rilke, Groddeck, Jaeger—to mention only a few of those belonging east of the Rhine. Twenty years ago, a young man writing poetry was likely to borrow his ideas from the French Symbolists, beginning with Baudelaire and ending with the latest disciple of Dada encountered in a Montparnasse café. Ten years ago, the source of ideas was the communist tradition, from Marx to Bukharin. As for Auden, he quotes a little French, but to judge from his rhymes he badly mispronounces it; and when he speaks of Marxian ideas, it is as if he were writing a charitable epitaph. His real interest is in the priests, prophets and healers who were admired in the Reich before Hitler.

And Auden is German not only in his sources, but also in his manner of writing poetry. He delights in the Germanic abstractions of which Edmund Wilson said that they convey "almost the impression of primitive gods. They are substantial, and yet they are a kind of pure beings; they are abstract, and yet they nourish." His poems, like the works of German philosophers, are rich in nouns and poor in verbs of actions. And although many of the nouns at first glance appear to be concrete rather than general—being words like valley, mountain, water, islands—one discovers that they have lost their common meanings and stand for abstract principles—the islands, for example, being places of dream and refuge. Such nouns are not so much signs for *things* as the symbols or statues of ideas. And reading some of Auden's poems is like wandering at dusk through a gallery of white marble statues that dissolve before one's eyes into white mists—and sometimes take shape again as their own opposites.

[1] The Double Man, by W. H. Auden. New York: Random House. 189 pages. $2.

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But besides being German in spirit, Auden is also—and this is the third novelty in his work as compared with that of the past decade—a profoundly Christian poet. His new book is preoccupied with the problem not only of war guilt but of guilt in general. The chief lesson it teaches is the Christian lesson of humility based on a conviction of original sin (for the pride of the ego, on which he places the ultimate blame for the state of things, is exactly that sin). Some of his best and more of his worst verse deals with fundamentally theological questions. And yet, though Christian, he also seems to be agnostic. He allows the Devil to be present in his narrative—if only as a mental concept—but he insists on disguising God under a series of symbolic or naturalistic names; usually he is Life or Love. It is only in the final prayer—and only after invoking Him as the Unicorn, the Dove, Ichthus, the Voice, the Keeper of the Years, the It without Image—that Auden, in a quotation from St. Augustine, uses the Latin vocative form of God's name: "*O da quod jubes, Domine.*"

But even if this indicates that his Christianity may cease to be Christless, still it would remain somewhat heretical. For, in the midst of all its subtle differentiations—between tribulation and temptation, between doing evil and sinning—it fails to draw the customary and orthodox distinction between sin and guilt. It fails to recognize that although all men are sinners in the sight of God, some men are guiltier than others. It refuses to admit that Christians have the right and duty to oppose those of greater guilt. On this point I think that Reinhold Niebuhr—to mention a recent example—is the better moralist. The danger in a philosophy like Auden's, quite apart from any question of its truth, is that it might lead him and has already led some of his disciples into an attitude of pure passivity—and this at a moment when the passive toleration of evil may prove to be a form of collective suicide.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Redemption for Whom?

The Redemption of Democracy, by Herman Rauschning. New York: Alliance Book Corporation. 243 pages. $3.

DR. RAUSCHNING'S philosophy of history, and of action, becomes increasingly clear with each successive book he writes. It is a recognizable philosophy and its trend is all in one direction. It is, in its main outlines, though not in its temper, almost wholly reactionary. For all his effort, Dr. Rauschning has been unable to escape that same aristocratic conservatism that delivered him into the service of Nazism.

As I read it, the present book is chiefly an assault upon rationalism in politics. In every instance, of course, the author promptly softens the rigor of his statements, so that in sum he might be classed as a nothing-sayer of tolerant disposition. The two root concepts in his philosophy of compromise (for that is all it is) appear to consist of a devaluation of rational planning and a hostility toward "the masses," the nature, motives, principles and psychology of whom he misunderstands. Continental Europe has been infected, and driven mad, by these two influences. Anglo-Saxon democracy, which differs from the late French democracy in not being the product of critical or immediate violence, is not doctrinaire. Nevertheless, it also has been lately imperiled by the two above-mentioned diseases. Dr. Rauschning says that rational planning, which is the supreme political temptation, derives from the French Revolution. If allowed to proceed "on the assumption of superiority to all historical accretions—the same assumption every other revolution has made—it too is revolutionary. Rational planning as a principle and not simply as a tool destroys historical values. . . . Where it establishes itself, it prepares the ground for destructive forces."

Since the author offers no criteria by which we may know when a job of planning is a deadly principle or a useful tool, one may assume that the essence of the matter lies in the inviolability of his "historical accretions." What are these accretions? They are not defined. The word suggests a sedimentary or algaic deposit, something firmly attached to a solid core. How are we to know whether these are not merely ceremonial appendages or hindering anachronisms? Perhaps the choice of word is unfortunate, but the problem is not obviated by choice of another. Is the British Constitution (which is not a written document) an accretion? Or is parliamentary procedure? The House of Lords? Are these the historical forms which the profounder reality of British democracy has taken once and for all? Or perhaps the idea of property is an accretion? All we know from Dr. Rauschning is that to be judged an historical accretion, a social fact must be something imperiled by rational planning. In practical politics what the proposition really means is that a modest conservation of national resources or a certain amount of safety legislation in the mining industry is all very well so long as the House of Lords and the Mine Owners' Association do not object. The slovenly term hides a dangerous rejection of the fundamentals of a living democracy.

Second, "there is the new reality of the masses, the fluctuating, unstable, rootless masses." (I quote Dr. Rauschning, lest it be thought that the attack is unfair.) "Whenever the typical mass character becomes universal all higher values are as good as lost," he says. "In their place arises a more primitive emotional pattern characterized by an elementary need for security and a longing for happiness. Only in the last two decades have we recognized to the full what the rise of these masses means, what threats to the whole substance of human civilization it conceals. It, and not simply Hitler's vile assault, is the deadly menace to our civilization."

It may be asked, what preceded the rise of the masses (by which he can only mean the French Revolution and the gradual establishment of bourgeois democracy)? What was it that filled these masses with the sinister desire for security and happiness? Presumably the contrary condition of mankind, and historically, an authoritarian, aristocratic society. The pitiable feebleness of this proposition of Rauschning's is self-evident. What he regrets is that the older society did not reform itself, or rather, that the old élite (he uses this concept of Pareto's) did not refresh and purify itself. And, as one had suspected, it is not long before the author explicitly cries, Back to the seventeenth century! Away from the eighteenth! Back to Pascal and Descartes, and away from Rousseau and Voltaire! That might be all very well for mathematicians and for conservative stylists ready with their Provincial Letters. But the mention of honorable names is a respectable way of leading the gaze beyond the rack and the corvée.

RALPH BATES

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Resources and Planning

My Country 'Tis of Thee, by Lucy Sprague Mitchell, Eleanor Bowman and Mary Phelps. New York: The Macmillan Company. 335 pages. $3.50.

HERE IS a well reasoned and well balanced plea for national planning. The subject matter and treatment remind one of Stuart Chase's "Rich Land, Poor Land" and "Men and Machines." But although the writing does not have the dramatic quality which Chase sometimes achieves, one has the feeling that this study may be more authentic.

The body of the book has three divisions: Soil, Coal and Oil, with three meaty chapters to each. A forty-six-page conclusion entitled "What to Do About It," is where national planning comes in, full force. There are numerous excellent illustrations—photographs, maps, graphs, pictograms. The indexing is not copious, but perhaps adequate.

The authors dig deep and go far back. They summarize the geological beginnings of the three great resources and tell how coal and oil are discovered, obtained and used. They describe clearly how technical and business organizations make the products of these resources available, and evaluate these resources in terms of present and future needs. They study the impacts and consequences of the methods of exploitation and use on our present and future lives. Anyone with a shred of thought for the future will find this absorbing reading. He will acquire some of the authors' feeling of deadly earnestness, even though he may disagree with many of their premises and conclusions.

While most of the material deals with the conservation of the inanimate, natural resources, it is clear that the authors are chiefly concerned with human welfare. This is probably as it should be, but in places it results in exaggerated argument to show the connection between the two.

The data on the conditions of our three great natural resources (land, coal and oil) seem to be authentic, although they lack many exact citations of sources. The authors' interpretation of the data on the depletion of resources is usually sound, though sometimes too influenced by distrust for the vigorous, profit-seeking, individualistic industrialist. They point out that 35 percent of our coal is wasted between mine and consumer (and that is probably a conservative figure). They insinuate that this could be eliminated under a "plan," but they are very hazy on the point of *how* it could be done. (As a matter of fact, a good part of that waste would seem to be inevitable under anybody's scheme of things.) They fail to point out that these same wasteful, profit-seeking industrialists have, within the last three decades, doubled the efficiency of utilization of coal at power plants and that this is conservation of the highest order, even though it was not promoted by altruism.

Under "Oil" they point out that our proved reserves of petroleum are only enough for about fifteen years at the present rate of use, but they rather slide over the fact that successful exploration is still keeping these reserves almost constant. We may begin to feel the pinch of a depleted petroleum supply within this generation, but the motoring public will probably be more to blame for it than the heartless oil companies and would probably be the last to want to take a real step in the conservation of petroleum by supporting legislation limiting the size of motors in all passenger cars to about twenty horsepower. Due emphasis is not given to the technical advances which have greatly increased the yields of gasoline from petroleum, nor to improved efficiencies of motors in terms of gasoline consumed per horsepower hour. The authors suggest that when petroleum is gone, techniques might be devised for getting motor fuel from our tremendous supplies of oil shale and coal. In fact, such techniques are already available and can be utilized at any time. Satisfactory motor fuel can be procured from those sources, but at much greater cost than the five to six cents per gallon which is the present wholesale, untaxed price of gasoline at refineries.

It is rightly pointed out that the principal waste in petroleum at the present time is in stuff that is not taken from the ground. But how are we to recover all, or even most of it? The authors have a plan they feel is workable, but it is just as indefinite and unconvincing as most treatises on planning. It won't make many converts, and it probably won't help to crystallize the ideas of those who are already confirmed planners. It rightly points out that we are going to be much more collectivistic in the future and that we had better be about the business of deciding how we can retain our democracy in the more or less regimented society of tomorrow. But, the horns of the dilemma are still there, plan or no plan, because the authors ignore that indefinite but fundamental item—the factor of mass human motivation.

C. C. FURNAS

Bacon's Rebellion

Torchbearer of the Revolution, by Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker. Princeton University Press. 237 pages. $2.50.

NATHANIEL BACON was no rough American-born colonial. This leader of Bacon's Rebellion and cousin of Sir Francis, was born in Fiston Hall in England, and had no need to benjaminfranklin his way to an education. He was a Master of Arts at Cambridge, and he traveled and flung his money about all over Europe. Finally, over the violent objections of her parents, he married the beautiful and accomplished daughter of another noble family. With a gift of £1,800, the young couple went to America and set up in the tobacco business.

It is all true story and romance, and as Professor Wertenbaker tells it in this excellent book, it is a story that blazes and thunders and takes one's breath away. Sleepless and weary one night, I picked up "Torchbearer of the Revolution" to put myself under. I did not lay the book down until the bright Texas sun galloped into my bed.

Bacon found upon arriving in Virginia that the tobacco farmers suffered from misgovernment on one side and from bloody Indian raids on the other. Sir William Berkeley, a liberal turned crabbed and reactionary after thirty years as governor, refused to protect his people from either.

Bacon's sympathies were all with the farmers. He expressed dissatisfaction. The governor put him on the colonial council. When both the tyranny and the raids continued, Bacon defied the governor and demanded action. He was forced to apologize. He returned to his tobacco farm to sulk.

But the Indians kept killing and burning, and tobacco prices kept tumbling. Bacon forced the governor to put

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him in command of the Indian fighters, with blank commissions for his officers and written resolutions of high approval. The Susquehannas were no sooner run out of the Old Dominion, however, than Bacon found the governor planning to stab him in the back. He wheeled round his fighting men, and ran the governor out of Jamestown. Then he laid the town level with fire. It was revolution—and before Bacon was dead and his aides hanged, it was also the forerunner of independence.

For sheer excitement, no Jesse James or Diamond Dick ever thrilled me more when I was twelve. And it's good sound history that will lead to a better understanding of America and of the background of the revolution.

MAURY MAVERICK

The General and the Lady

A Man Named Grant, by Helen Todd. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 594 pages. $3.50.
My Dear Lady, by Marjorie Barstow Greenbie. New York: Whittlesey House. 305 pages. $2.75.

IN "A Man Named Grant" Helen Todd wages a losing struggle with both her subject and her method. It is a long, slow-moving biographical study that introduces no new material and adds little to our understanding of Grant. Its interest lies in the protective attitude of the author and her use of simple fictional techniques in an effort to achieve structural unity and a logical emotional pattern. The trouble, inevitably, is that Miss Todd falls heavily between too slender biographical substance and inability to carry her theme through sheer writing. Her purpose seems to be to make Grant a tragic figure (the plain, well intentioned man unexpectedly raised to high office, only to be destroyed by his unsuspecting decency and forces beyond his capacity to control). But the picture never seems persuasive, chiefly because Grant was more pathetic than tragic, as Miss Todd's implicit plea for pity plainly suggests. Nothing makes one more uncomfortable than feeling sorry for a highly placed mediocrity, and Miss Todd doesn't try to brush off the fact that the accident of history which rescued Grant from complete obscurity never altered the essential smallness of the man.

Grant's career, particularly during the years of his presidency and after, can be fully understood only if the shaping events and influences of his youth and young manhood are recognized. But Miss Todd opens her study with the outbreak of the Civil War, when Grant was nearly forty, and the use of an occasional flashback hardly compensates for the lack of a completely developed background. Thus his feeling of insecurity even after he had become a military hero, his incurable fatalism, and his confused, childlike retreats to the soothing sympathy of his wife never acquire their full significance. Obviously the glibly imagined states of mind, conversations, etc., which fill out the historical gaps seem even more tenuous and fragmentary, cluttering rather than illuminating the development.

The best section of the biography, oddly enough, deals with the most trying material. The chapters on Grant's difficult relations with Andrew Johnson, and his inability before and during his first term to deal with the issues and politics of Reconstruction are fairly well thought out and even skillfully written. Later, though, the economic factors that led to boom and depression and which so befuddled Grant are barely dealt with. Also one would have liked less whitewash in dealing with the official corruption and the fawning before high finance that characterized both of Grant's administrations. Not to mention a more realistic attitude toward the acquisitive ex-President whose concern defrauded thousands of small investors. Miss Todd, though, suffers less from ingenuousness than from warmness of heart. This is biography inspired by an excess of compassion; but even the casual reader of history knows that a capacity for pity is not the ideal equipment with which to tackle the post-war activities of U. S. Grant.

"My Dear Lady," the author tells us in her excellent preface, grew out of an ambiguous card in the Congressional Library catalogue that referred to one Anna Ella Carroll as "the great, unrecognized member of Lincoln's Cabinet." This patient and intelligent research job indicates that the political and military exigencies of the Lincoln adminstration robbed Miss Carroll of an important place in Civil War history. As a member of the famous Carroll family of Maryland and the daughter of an influential Governor, she had a tremendous acquaintance among the social, political and business greats of the day. And for several years prior to the war she shrewdly used her position to build up a profitable and (in those days) highly unconventional business as a public-relations agent for large industrial interests. Clearly, she was not the type to roll bandages and knit socks. When war came, she repudiated the Confederacy and her class background to work prodigiously for the Union cause.

It isn't easy to define Anna Carroll's position in the Lincoln administration. Imagine someone combining the functions of Dorothy Thompson, Harry Hopkins, Colonel Donovan and the old Cohen-Corcoran combination and you get some idea of her activities. The evidence indicates that she did much to swing Maryland to the Union side and so, perhaps, to save Washington itself. Lincoln used 50,000 copies of her pamphlet, "Reply to Breckinridge," as his official answer to the dictator charges of the Kentucky Senator and he later engaged her to write other state papers defending his policies. She was a spy and go-between who was all the more valuable because she remained on excellent social terms with influential Southerners, from Jefferson Davis down. But her greatest accomplishment (and Mrs. Greenbie cites the testimony of Lincoln, Stanton and Benjamin Wade among others) was the creation of the military strategy used by Grant in his victorious campaigns in the West. During the war, Lincoln was afraid to credit her publicly with Grant's victories because of the danger to army morale. After his assassination, with Grant's prestige at stake, the politicians effectively blocked her attempts to obtain both recognition and payment for services.

Mrs. Greenbie hints that certain historians have deliberately ignored Miss Carroll. Certainly some of the sources cited in "My Dear Lady" have been pored over by others, and both Carl Sandburg and Charles Beard have encouraged Mrs. Greenbie's investigation. One wishes she had completed her job before rushing into print, but even in its present incomplete form this is the most absorbing page of Civil War history that has been written in several years.

MAX GISSEN

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Gertrude Stein, Amiably

Ida, by Gertrude Stein. New York: Random House. 154 pages. $2.

"IDA" is classified as Gertrude Stein's "first novel in eleven years." ("Lucy Church Amiably," printed in Paris in 1930, is as hard to read as the telephone book and not much more interesting.) The new novel is about Ida, who is born in the first paragraph, grows up, likes dogs and army officers, is geographically restless but otherwise lazy and has even she couldn't figure how many husbands. I think the ending is happy.

Entire pages are understandable; but most of it goes:

> And so Winnie was coming to be known to be Winnie.
>
> Winnie Winnie is what they said when they saw her and they were beginning to see her.
>
> They said it different ways. They said Winnie. And then they said Winnie.
>
> She knew.
>
> It is easy to make everybody say Winnie, yes Winnie. Sure I know Winnie. Everybody knows who Winnie is. It is not so easy, but there it is, everybody did begin to notice that Winnie is Winnie.

Which is not clarified by the fact that there was no Winnie; she existed only in Ida's imagination. This lack of clarification is one clue to the customary reaction to Miss Stein's work—it is either ridiculed, or reverenced as the creation of genius. Rarely is an effort made to understand or criticize it on the basis of how well she succeeded in what she tried to do. That she herself is an extraordinary woman—for years a monolith in the expatriate art and literary world of Paris—no one denies. No first-line critic dares ignore her; yet in general her work is taken as a joke.

By experimenting with automatic writing, fabricated language—soon abandoned—and style, Gertrude Stein attempted to free words from their emotional associations, so that, purified, they might be used intellectually, almost mathematically, to build exact descriptions of people and things, unsullied by the words' accumulated meanings. To depict inner and outer reality, divorced from emotion and events, and to "express the rhythm of the visible world" became her goal.

To the consequent writing—as overintellectualized as surrealism and futurism—only the initiate has a key; it is unintelligible to the reading public. The most popular and successful work in this manner, "Four Saints in Three Acts," was an opera, not fiction, and it depended for its effectiveness largely on music, color, motion, costumes and stage setting. So the original by-product of the theory—its influence on young writers, its reawakening of interest in language and style—has become of greater importance than the specific results of the experimentation.

"Ida" retains many of Gertrude Stein's earlier tricks: association of words and ideas through sound, rhyming, repetition, singsong rhythm, naïveté of thought, language, structure. (There are those who believe her works should be sung. It's a free country.) But the gibberishlike "Lucy" style has given way to a more conventional manner and form.

Here Miss Stein tells the story of a woman's life in America; but she has succeeded in giving that life an eerie, disembodied quality that resembles nothing you know. The incongruous sequence of inexplicable episodes and characters is like a jumbled dream, or a motion picture of the hallucinations of an insane mind—rising, focusing, dissolving. You feel rather crazy yourself, lured on into this curious world by simple words, short sentences, conversational ease, narrative force, alertness, rapidity and imminence of events, and the unforeseen, unpredictable turns of the author's mind. "Ida" is entertaining, stimulating, often funny. Also it is an anodyne, which bewilders and befogs. You don't know what it is all about.

And you don't believe in it. Not only is this word experimentation fundamentally perverse, for fumigation cannot rid language of its human associations; but it leads nowhere. A book need not be comprehensible to all the world; neither should it require elucidation. Miss Stein can be readable when she wishes to be. There's "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas," which you should read sometime. It's good.

DOROTHY CHAMBERLAIN

Crimes of a Month

IT'S A SOLID SATISFACTION to meet Chief Inspector Joseph French again. This Scotland Yarder of Freeman Wills Crofts's doesn't fly in any fine-feathered crowd like so many smart sleuths—he keeps his *g's* on his present participles, he doesn't smoke uncommon tobaccos, he never talks whimsy or poetry, has no *précieux* hobbies: a systematic, rather plodding man who sits down with his pipe at the end of his day's work to sum up what he has done and plan what to do next. One of the best things he usually does is to crack alibis. His trouble in "Circumstantial Evidence" (Dodd, Mead) comes from not looking into the right alibi, and he himself becomes a victim of the same circumstances as the young couple he wants to save from the evidence piling up against them. It makes a good tale, with a carefully built-up skunk inviting extirpation from half a dozen different hands, but it is less a triumph for the inspector's skill than for his humane instincts.

Margery Allingham's Mr. Campion—an expert called in by the Yard, not a regular—gets his results (and gets them) not by leg-work but by a thoroughly convincing gift for observing how people's minds operate. Being as much a person as a crime-specialist, he often gets personally involved in his crime problems. In "Traitor's Purse" (Crime Club) he has a double job: to figure out his own identity after an amnesious crack on the head, and to pick up the forgotten threads of a tough assignment to foil a brand-new kind of plot against war-desperate England. This two-edged business makes uncommonly exciting stuff, and brings out the fine Allingham skill in story-building and plausible characters that makes her as much a novelist as a mystery writer.

Elizabeth Daly's non-professional Mr. Gamage applies his expertness in manuscripts and old books to the detection of crime. In "Murders in Volume 2" (Farrar and Rinehart) he untangles an ingenious puzzle trimmed with literary and fourth-dimensional overtones. It's more ingenious than red-blooded, and the genteel, quaintish Gamage has some of those secret thoughts and private deductions that keep

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you from the full pleasure of working along with a detective when he's on the trail.

Quinny Hite is a newcomer, as Broadway as Variety, trying to get back his job on the Homicide Squad. Flavorsome as Nero Wolfe's Archie, professional and realistic as something out of Dashiell Hammett. In Richard Burke's "The Dead Take No Bows" (Houghton Mifflin) he stumbles on a fascinating set-up—a one-time musical-comedy star and her one-time manager, in their stage costumes of thirty years ago, facing each other across the remnants of a banquet, both dead. Quinny got the job back. He's the kind of detective that can keep you with him and keep you guessing. And Richard Burke should take an encore quick.

The detective in "This Way Out," by James Ronald (Lippincott), with right suspicions and the wrong evidence, doesn't count much—the murderer is his own flock of furies after getting rid of one of the most killable wives man was ever afflicted with. A Francis Iles sort of thing, with a lot of clutching suspense. Suspense of the more feverish kind is Ethel Lina White's specialty—recall Wheel Spins-Lady Vanishes? "Some Must Watch" (Harpers) has elements as old and potent as Mrs. Radcliffe, with a nosy, exasperating young miss eluding a fiend-in-human-form, and getting him before he got her. With no detective at all, it is plenty mysterious.

MORT. POST

Contributors

LUCILLE B. MILNER is executive secretary of the American Civil Liberties Union and has contributed to Harpers, The American Mercury and other magazines.

VAN WYCK BROOKS, a contributing editor of The New Republic, is the distinguished critic and author, among other books, of "The Flowering of New England" and "New England: Indian Summer."

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRILL comes from Colorado and teaches poetry at the University of Denver. He has published two books of poems, "High Passage" and "Westering," and assists his wife in the publication of The Rocky Mountain Herald.

E. J. LEVER, a skilled machinist who is a Representative of the International Association of Machinists, organized Coöperative Distributors, Inc., and its several hundred consumers' clubs. He was field director of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee during its first four years, and recently directed its Bethlehem organizing campaign.

NICOLAS NABOKOV, head of the Department of Music of Wells College at Aurora, New York, has recently been appointed director of Music of St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland, for the year 1941-42. His new symphonic work, "Sinfonia Biblica," had its first performance by the Philharmonic in New York City in January.

RALPH BATES is the author, among other books, of "Lean Men," "The Olive Field" and "Fields of Paradise," which was recently published by E. P. Dutton and Company.

C. C. FURNAS, an associate professor of Chemical Engineering at Yale University, is the author, among other books, of "The Next Hundred Years," "Man, Bread and Destiny," "The Storehouse of Civilization," and of numerous technical publications on process metallurgy and industrial chemistry.

MAURY MAVERICK, the mayor of San Antonio, Texas, is the author of "In Blood and Ink" and of an autobiography, "A Maverick American."

MAX GISSEN left a Vermont law office five years ago to become a free-lance writer and editor. He was formerly editor of Teachers' Guide and is a frequent contributor to The New Republic.

DOROTHY CHAMBERLAIN is on the editorial staff of Good Housekeeping. She has written for The New York Times and The Baltimore Sun.

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